A Pilgrimes Solace.

Wherein is contained Muſicall Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be ſung and plaid with the Lute and Viols.

By *John Douland*, Batchelor of Muſicke in both the Vniuerſities: and Luteniſt to the Right Honourable the Lord Walden.

1612

LONDON:
Printed for *M. L. J. B.* and *T. S.*
by the Aſſignment of
William Barley.

TO THE RIHGT HONorable,

THEOPHILVS, LORD VVALDEN, SONNE AND HEIRE TO THE MOST NOBLE, *THOMAS*, BARON OF WALDEN, EARLE OF SVFFOLKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE OF HIS MAIESTIES HOVSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maiesties most Honourable *Priuie Counsell*.

Most Honoured Lord:

AS to exell in any qualitie is very rare, so is it a hard thing to finde out those that fauour Vertue and Learning; but such being found, men of Iudgment are drawne (I know not by what Sympathie) to loue and Honor them, as the Saints and Soueraignes of their affections and deuices: wherefore (most Worthy Lord) your Honor being of all men noted (as natural borne heire of your most Renowned father and mother) to be the onely and alone Supporter of goodnes and excellencie, knowne to none better (vnles I should be the most vngratefull of all others) then my selfe, who am held vp onely by your gratious hand; for which I can shew no other meanes of thankfulnes then these simple fruits of my poore endeauors which I most humbly present as a publike pledge from a true and deuoted heart, hoping hereafter to performe something, wherein I shall shew my selfe more worthy of your Honorable seruice. In the meane time you shall haue a poore mans praiers for your Lordships continuall health and dayly increase of Honor.

Your Honours

humble seruant

IOHN DOVLAND.

TO THE READER.

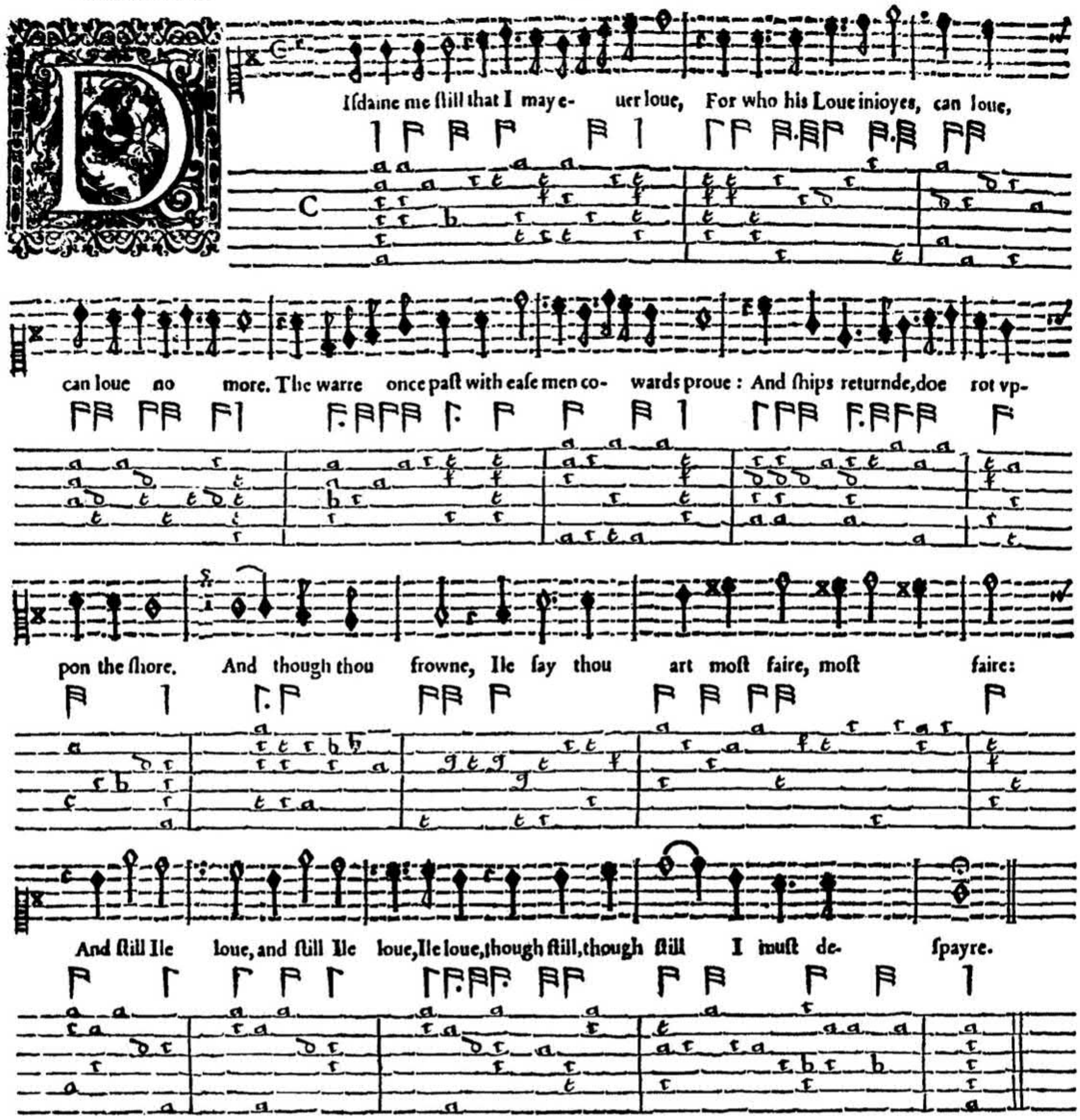
WOrthy Gentlemen, and my louing Countrymen; mooued by your many and fore-tasted courtesies, I am constrained to appeare againe vnto you. True it is, I haue lien long obscured from your sight, because I receiued a Kingly entertainment in a forraine climate, which could not attaine to any (though neuer so meane) place at home, yet haue I held vp my head within this Horizon, and not altogether beene vnaffected else where. Since some part of my poore labours haue found fauour in the greatest part of Europes, and beene printed in eight most famous Cities beyond the Seas. *viz: Paris, Antwerpe, Collein, Nurenburge, Franckfort, Liepsig, Amsterdam*, and *Hamburge:* (yea and some of them also authorized vnder the Emperours royall priuiledge,) yet I must tell you, as I haue beene a stranger; so haue I againe found strange entertainment since my returne; especially by the opposition of two sorts of people that shroude themselues vnder the title of Musitians. The first are some simple Cantors, or vocall singers, who though they seeme excellent in their blinde Diuision-making, are meerely ignorant, euen in the first elements of Musicke, and also in the true order of the mutation of the *Hexachord* in the *Systeme*, (which hath ben approued by all the learned and skilfull men of Christendome, this 800 yeeres,) yet doe these fellowes giue their verdict of me behinde my backe, and say, what I doe is after the old manner: but I will speake openly to them, and would haue them know that the proudest Cantor of them, dares not oppose himselfe face to face against me. The second are young-men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselues, to the disparagement of such as haue beene before their time, (wherein I my selfe am a party) that there neuer was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my loue and hope to see some deedes ensue their braue wordes, and also being that here vnder their owne noses hath beene published a Booke in defence of the Viol de Gamba, wherein not onely all other the best and principall Instruments haue beene abased, but especially the Lute by name, the words, to satisfie thee Reader I haue here thought good to insert, and are as followeth: *From henceforth, the statefull Instrument Gambo Violl, shall with ease yeeld full various, and deuicefull Musicke as the Lute: for here I protest the Trinitie of Musicke, Parts, Passion, and Deuision, to be as gracefully vnited in the Gambo Viol, as in the most receiued Instrument that is, &c.* Which Imputation, me thinkes, the learneder sort of Musitians ought not to let passe vnanswered. Moreouer that here are and daily doth come into our most famous kingdome, diuers strangers from beyond the seas, which auerre before our owne faces, that we haue no true methode of application or fingering of the Lute. Now if these gallant yong Lutenists be such as they would haue the world beleeue, and of which I make no doubt, let them remember that their skill lyeth not in their fingers endes: *Cucullus non facit Monachum.* I wish for the Honor therfore and generall benefit of our Countrie, that they vndertake the defence of their Lute profession, seeing that some of them aboue other, haue most large meanes, conuenient time, and such encouragement as I neuer knew any haue, beleeue me if any of these obiections had beene made when those famous men liued which now are thought worthy of no fame, not derogating from these skillfull men present; I dare affirme that these obiections had beene answered to the full, and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which liue yet, being that some of them are Batchelors of Musicke, and others which assume vnto themselues to be no lesse worthy, wilbe as forward to preserue their reputation. Perhaps you will aske me, why I that haue trauailed many countries, and ought to haue some experience, doth not vnder goe this busines my selfe? I answere that I want abilitie, being I am now entered into the fiftieth yeare of mine age: secondly because I want both meanes, leasure, and encouragement. But (Gentle Reader to conclude, although abruptly) this worke of mine, which I here haue published, containeth such things as I my selfe haue thought well of, as being in mine opinion furnished with varietie of matter both of Iudgement and delight, which willingly I referre to the friendly censure, and approbation of the skilfull: hoping it will be no lesse delightfull to all in generall, then it was pleasing to me in the composition. *Farewell.*

Your friend
Iohn Douland.

THE TABLE.

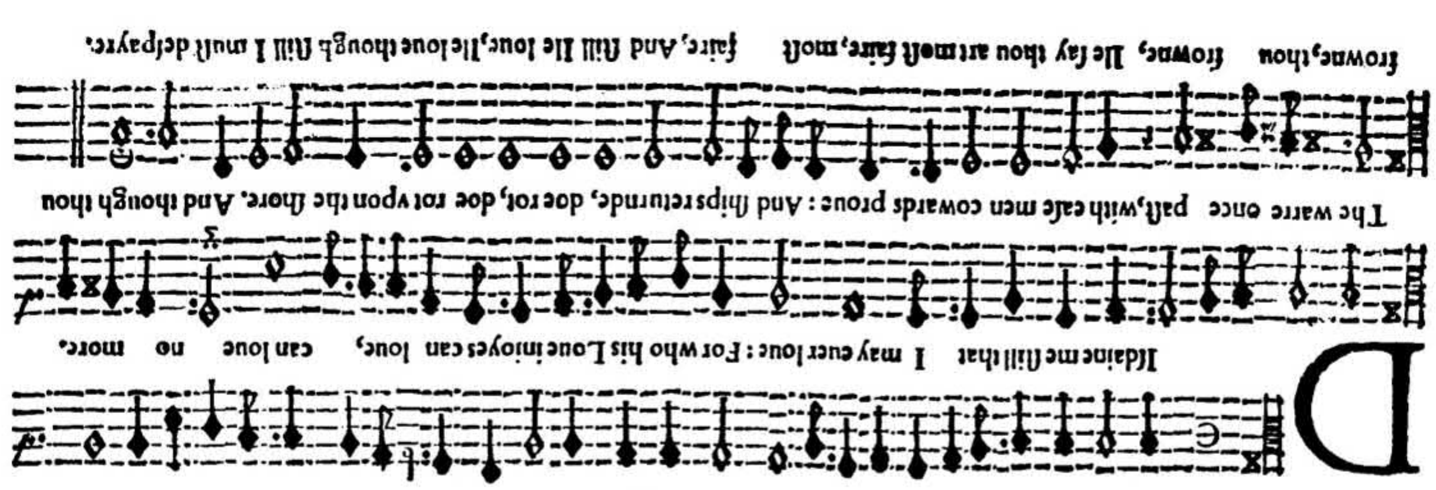
DIsdaine me still, that I may euer loue.	I
DSweete stay a while, why will you?	II
DTo aske for all thy loue.	III
Loue those beames that breede:	IIII
Shall I striue with wordes to moue.	V
VVere euery thought an eye.	VI
Stay time a while thy flying.	VII
Tell me true Loue.	VIII
Goe nightly, cares the enemy to rest.	IX
From silent night, true register of moanes.	X
Lasso vita mia, mi fa morire.	*XI*
In this trembling shadow.	XII
If that a Sinners sighes be Angels food.	XIII
Thou mighty God 1.*part.*	XIIII
VVhen *Dauids* life by *Saul.* 2.*part.*	XV
VVhen the poore Criple. 3.*part.*	XVI
VVhere Sinne sore wounding.	XVII
My heart and tongue were twinnes.	XVIII
Vp merry Mates, to *Neptunes* praise.	XIX
VVelcome blacke night.	XX
Cease these false sports.	XXI
A Galliard to *Lachrimæ.*	XXII

FINIS.

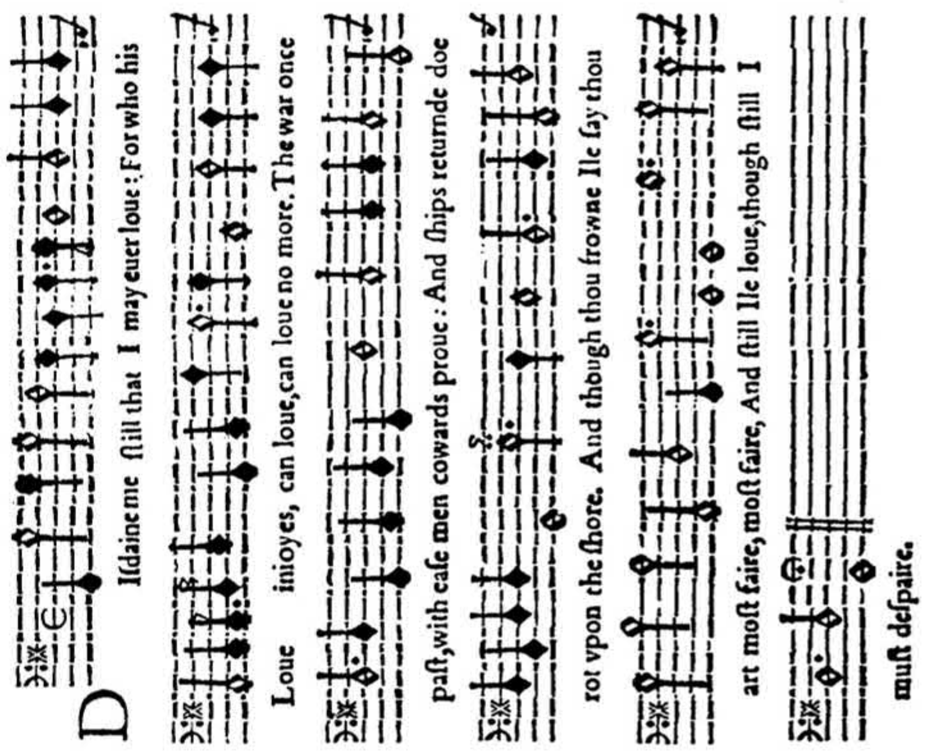


As heate to life ſo is deſire to loue,
 and theſe once quencht both life and loue are gone.
Let not my ſighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
 like baſer mettals doe not melt too ſoone.
 Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
 Loue ſurfets with reward, his nurſe is ſcorne.

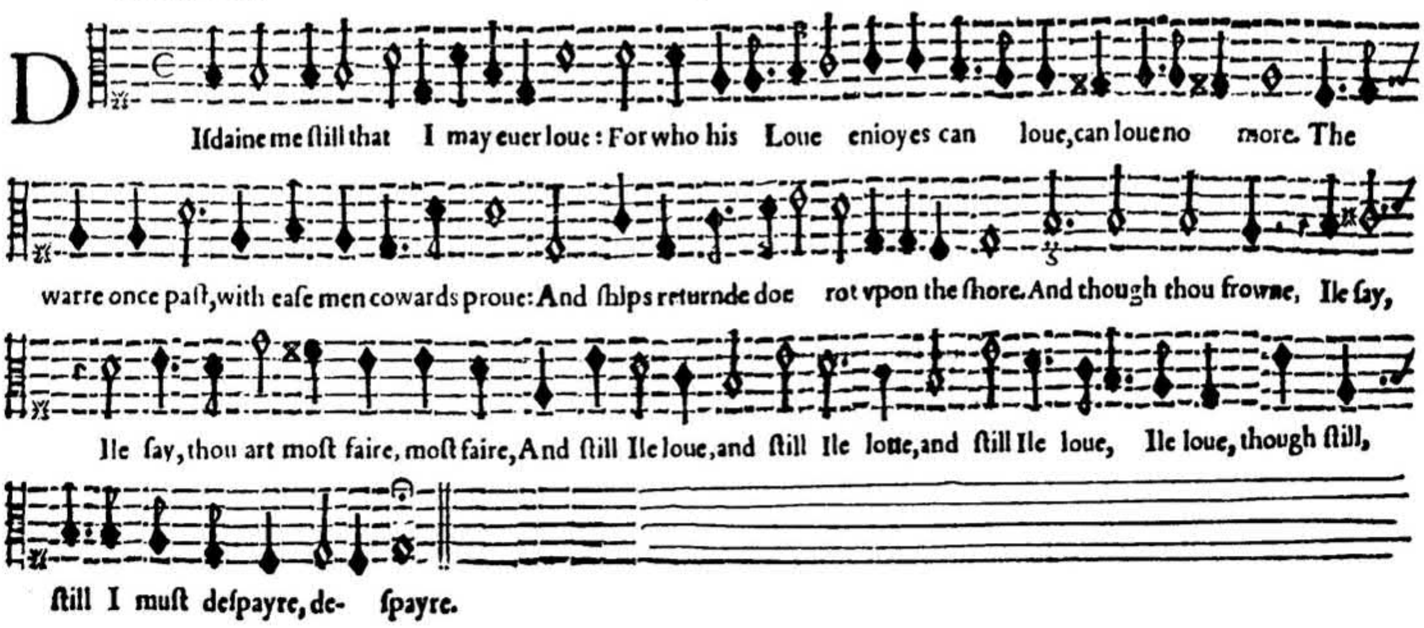
ALTVS. I.

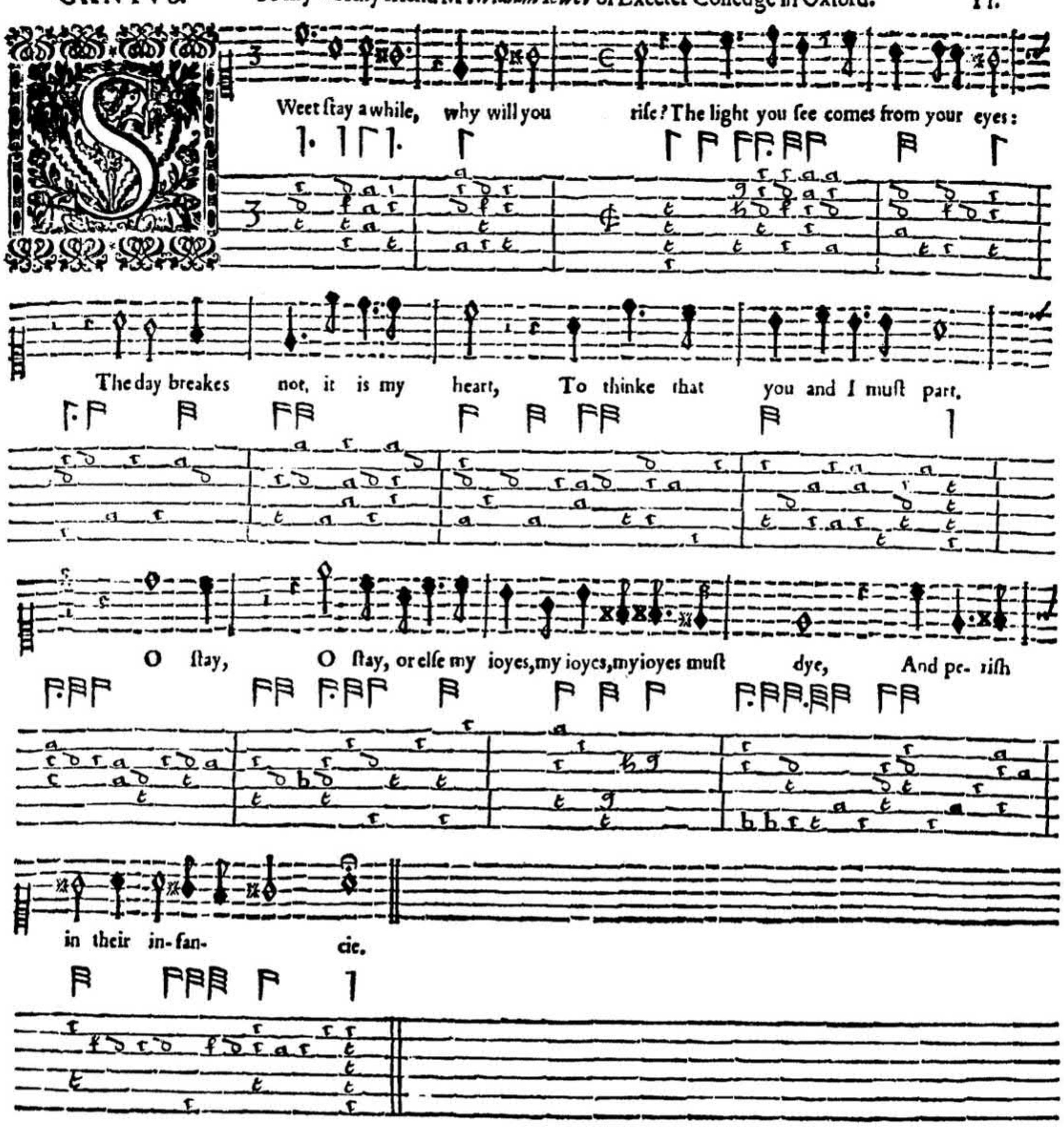


BASSVS. I.

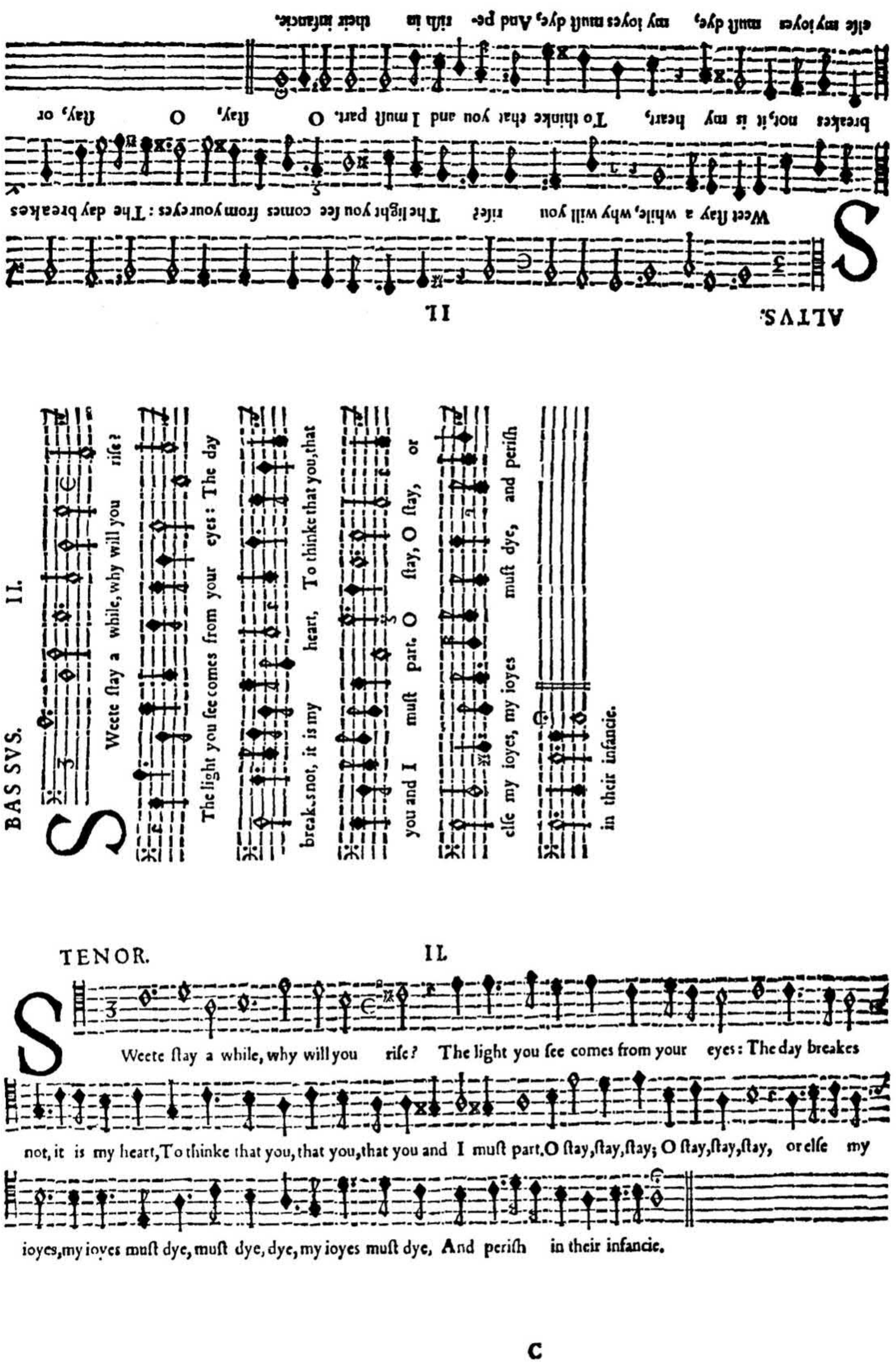


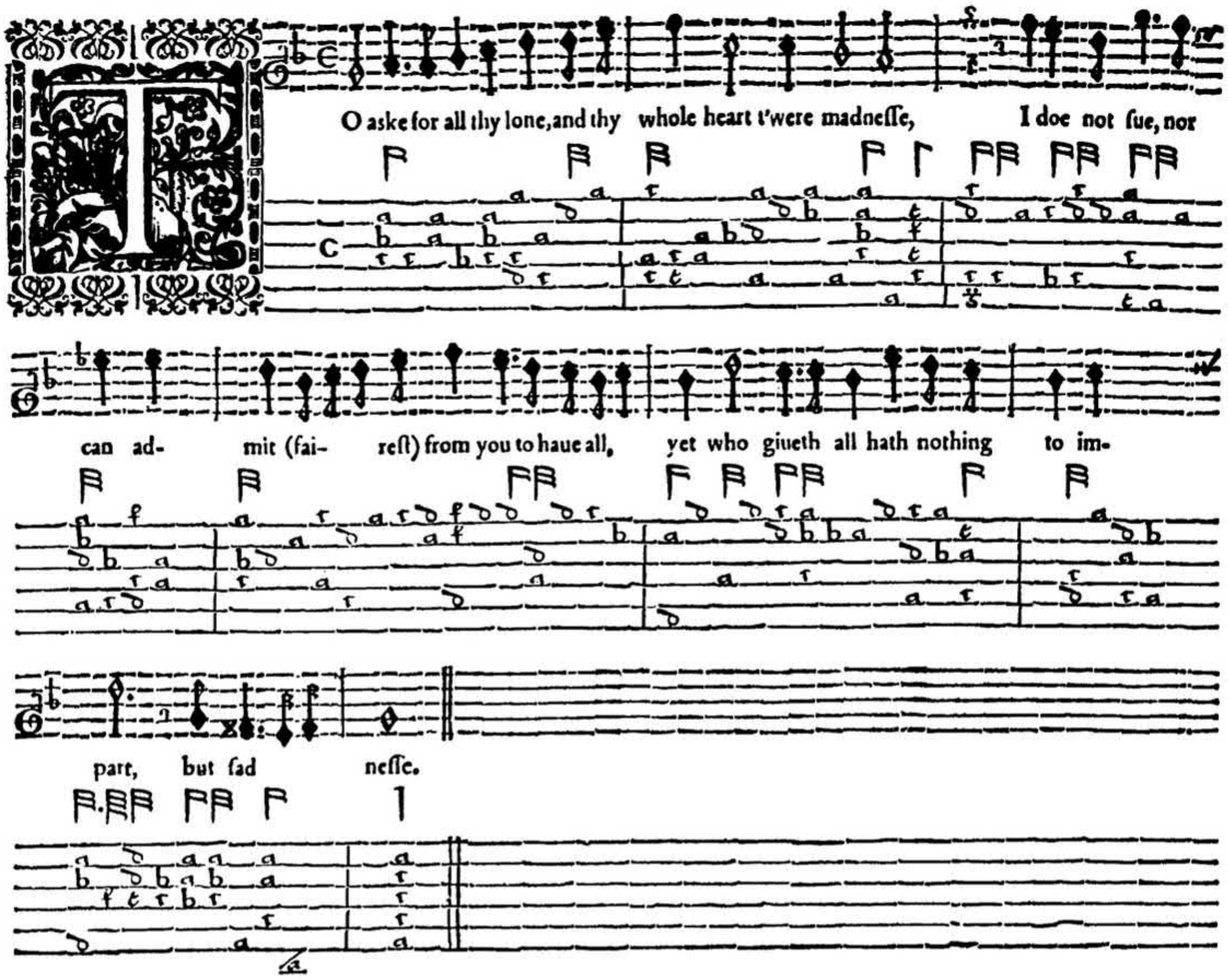
TENOR. I.





Deare let me dye in this faire breaſt,
Farre ſweeter then the Phœnix neſt.
Loue raiſe deſire by his ſweete charmes
Within this circle of thine armes:
And let thy bliſſefull kiſſes cheriſh
Mine infant ioyes, that elſe muſt periſh.


ALTVS. II.
Weet ſtay a while, why will you riſe? The light you ſee comes from your eyes: The day breakes
breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I muſt part. O ſtay, O ſtay, or
elſe my ioyes muſt dye, my ioyes muſt dye, And pe- riſh in their infancie.
BASSVS. II.
Weete ſtay a while, why will you riſe? The light you ſee comes from your eyes: The day
breaks not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that you and I muſt part. O ſtay, O ſtay, or
elſe my ioyes, my ioyes muſt dye, and periſh in their infancie.
TENOR. II.
Weete ſtay a while, why will you riſe? The light you ſee comes from your eyes: The day breakes
not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that you, that you and I muſt part. O ſtay, ſtay, ſtay; O ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, or elſe my
ioyes, my ioyes muſt dye, muſt dye, dye, my ioyes muſt dye, And periſh in their infancie.

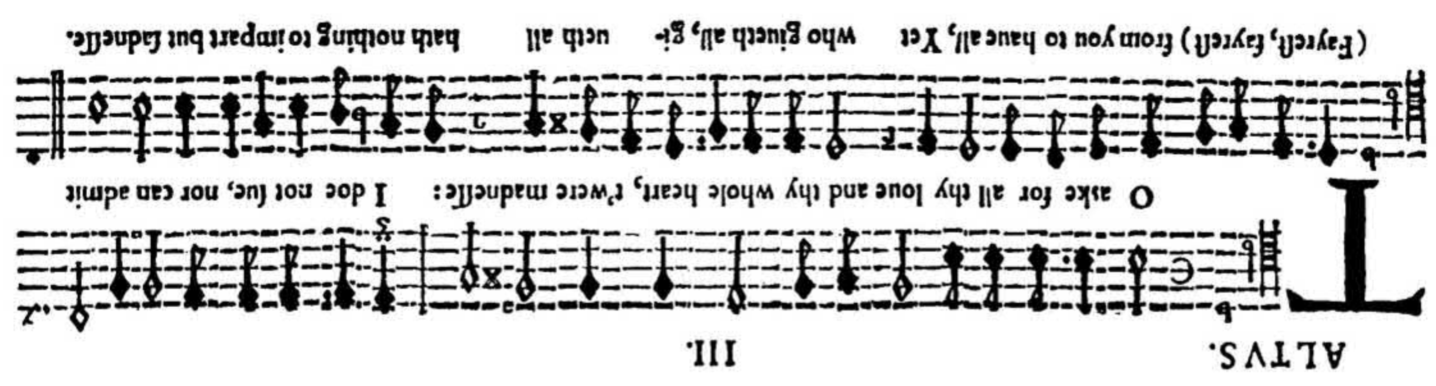


He that receiueth all, can haue no more
then seeing.
My Loue by length
of euery houre,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flower.
You must haue daily new rewards in store,
still being.

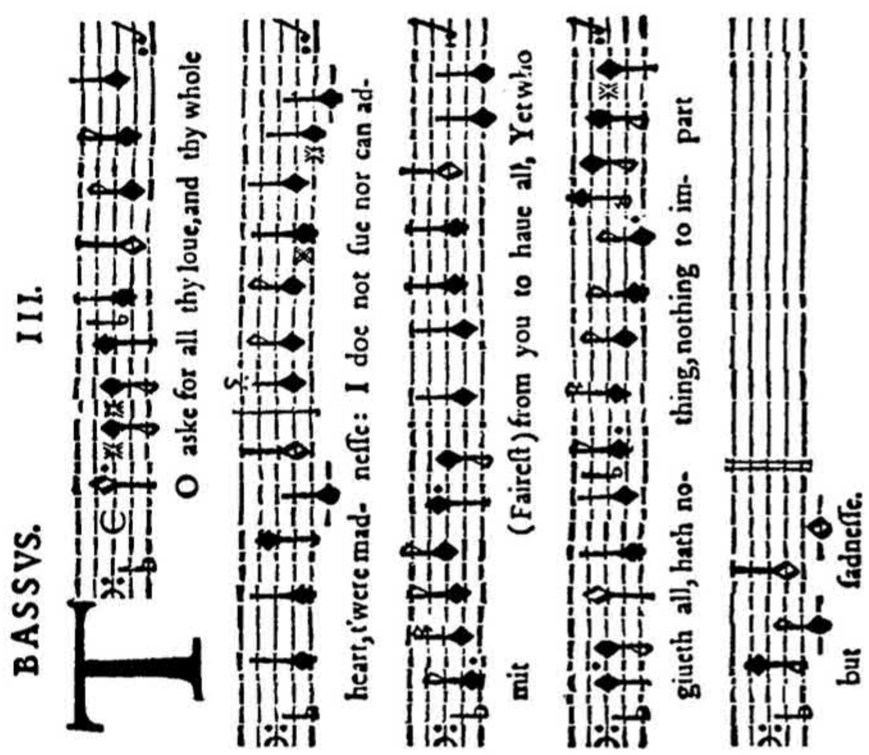
You cannot euery day giue me your heart
for merit:
Yet if you will,
when yours doth goe,
You shall haue still
one to bestow:
For you shall mine when yours doth part
inherit.

Yet if you please, Ile finde a better way,
then change them:
For so alone
dearest we shall
Be one and one,
anothers all.
Let vs so ioyne our hearts that nothing may
estrange them.

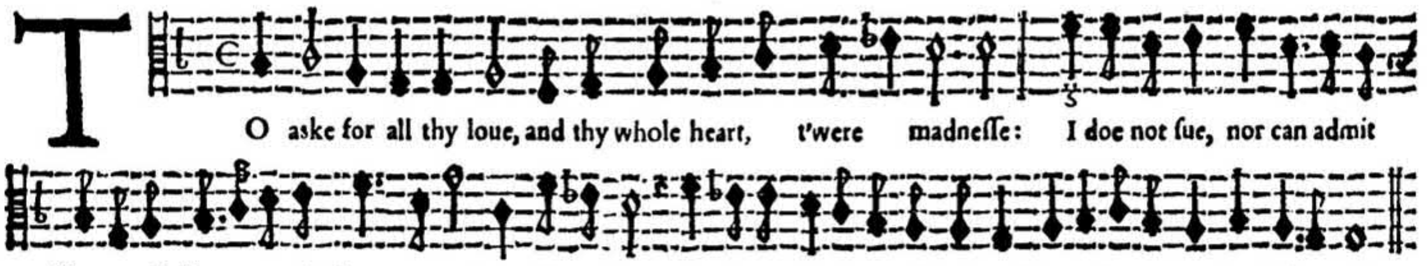
ALTVS. III.

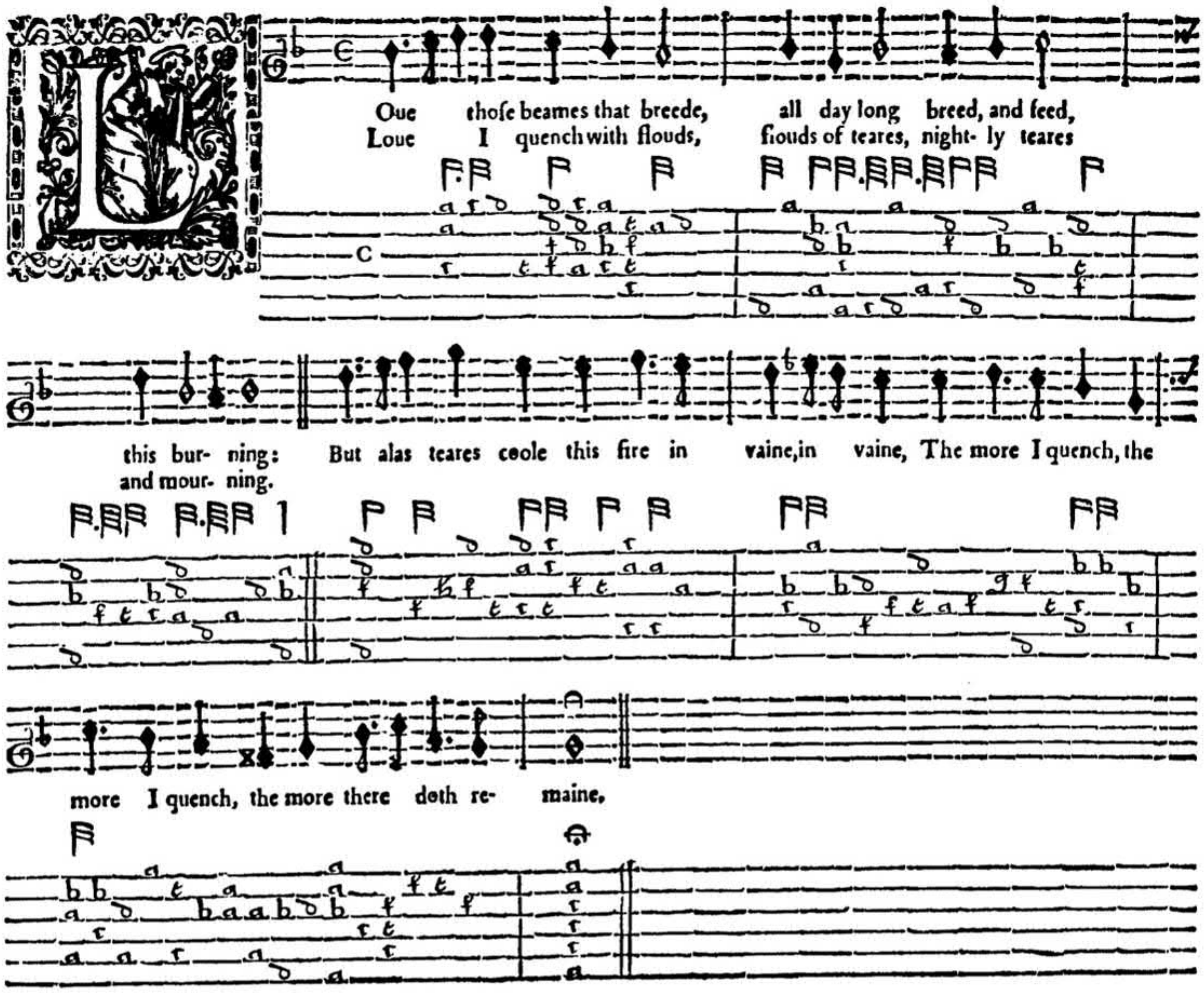


BASSVS. III.



TENOR. III.

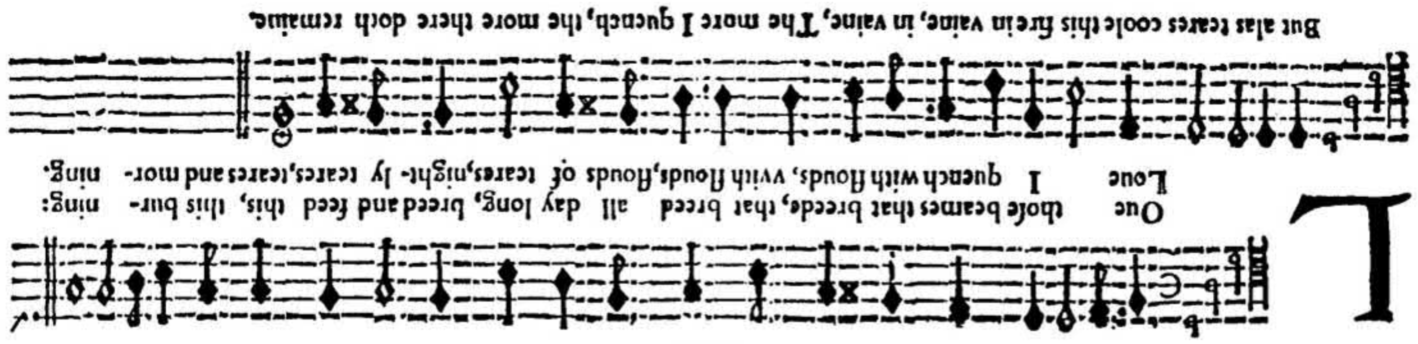




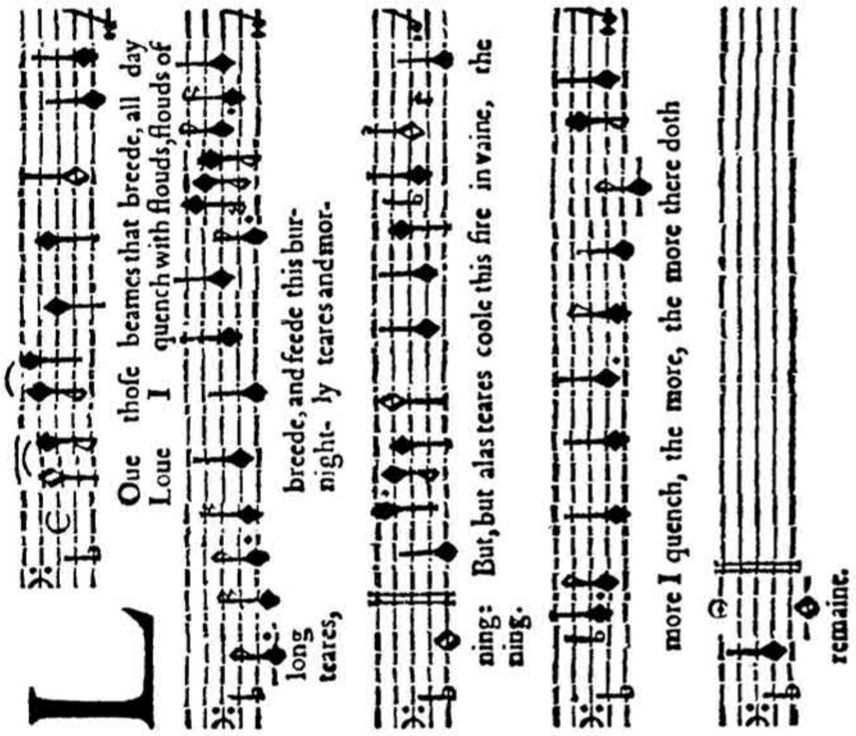
Ile goe to the woods,and alone,make my moane,oh cruell:
For I am deceiu'd and bereau'd of my life,my iewell,
O but in the woods, though Loue be blinde,
Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Loue then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed,
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me,cannot be redressed.
Come at last,be friendly Loue to me,
And let me not,endure this miserie.

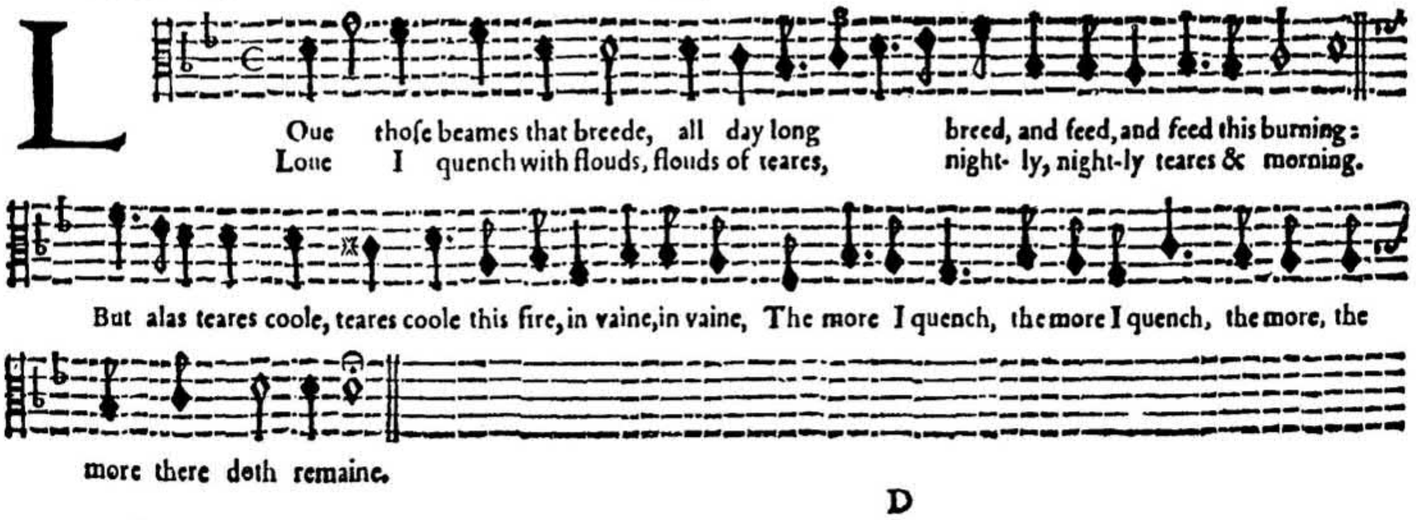
ALTVS. IIII.

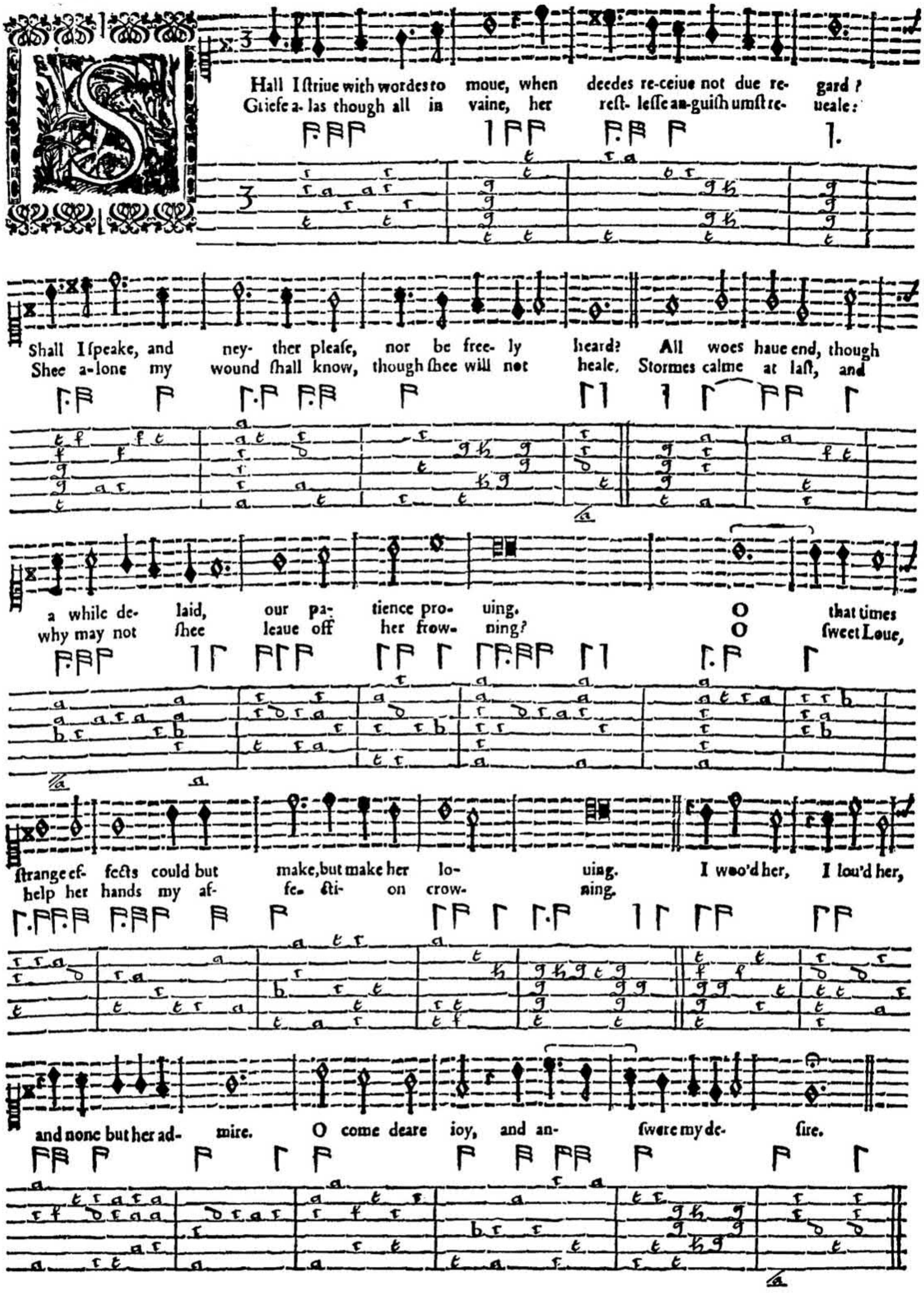


BASSVS. IIII.

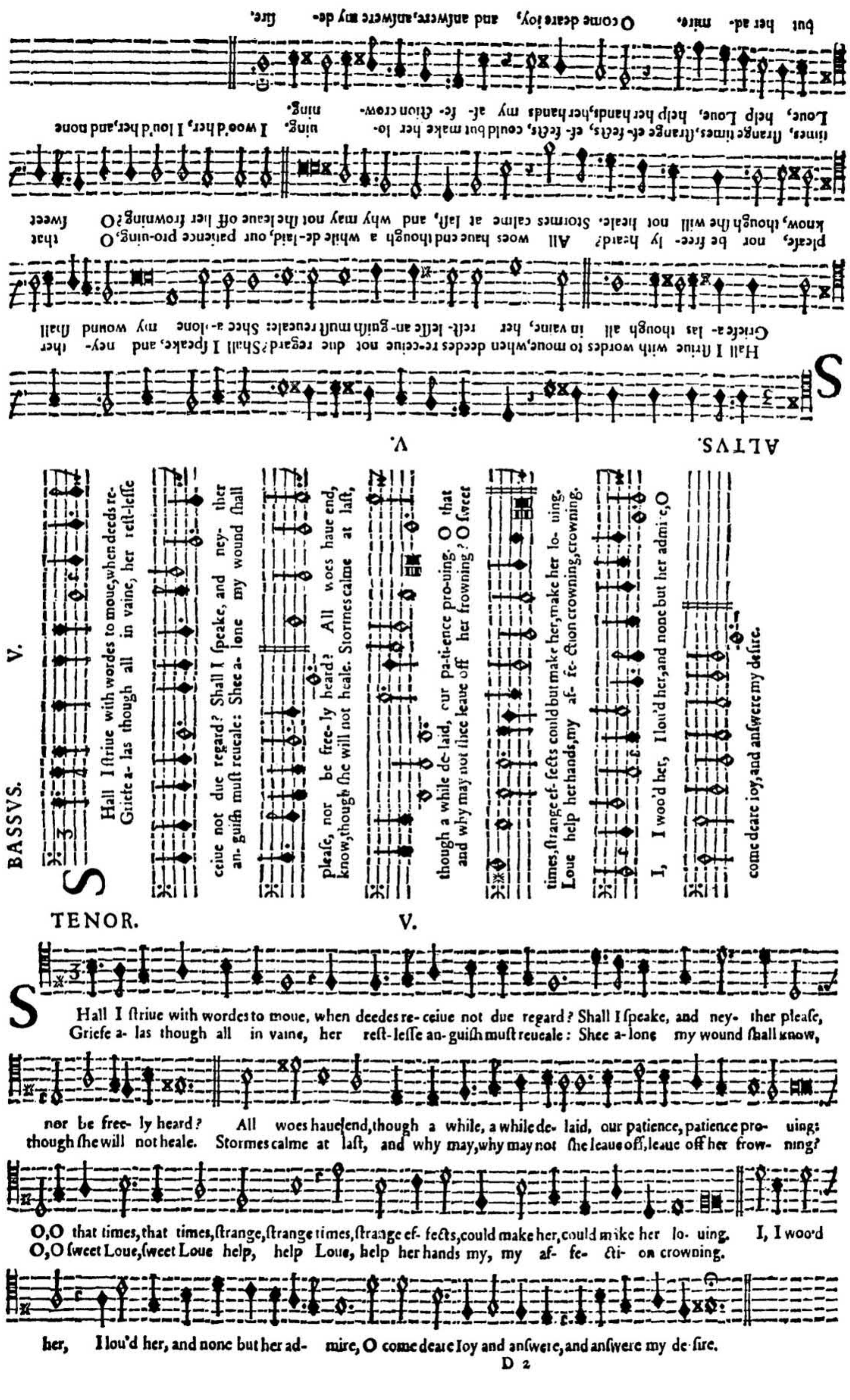


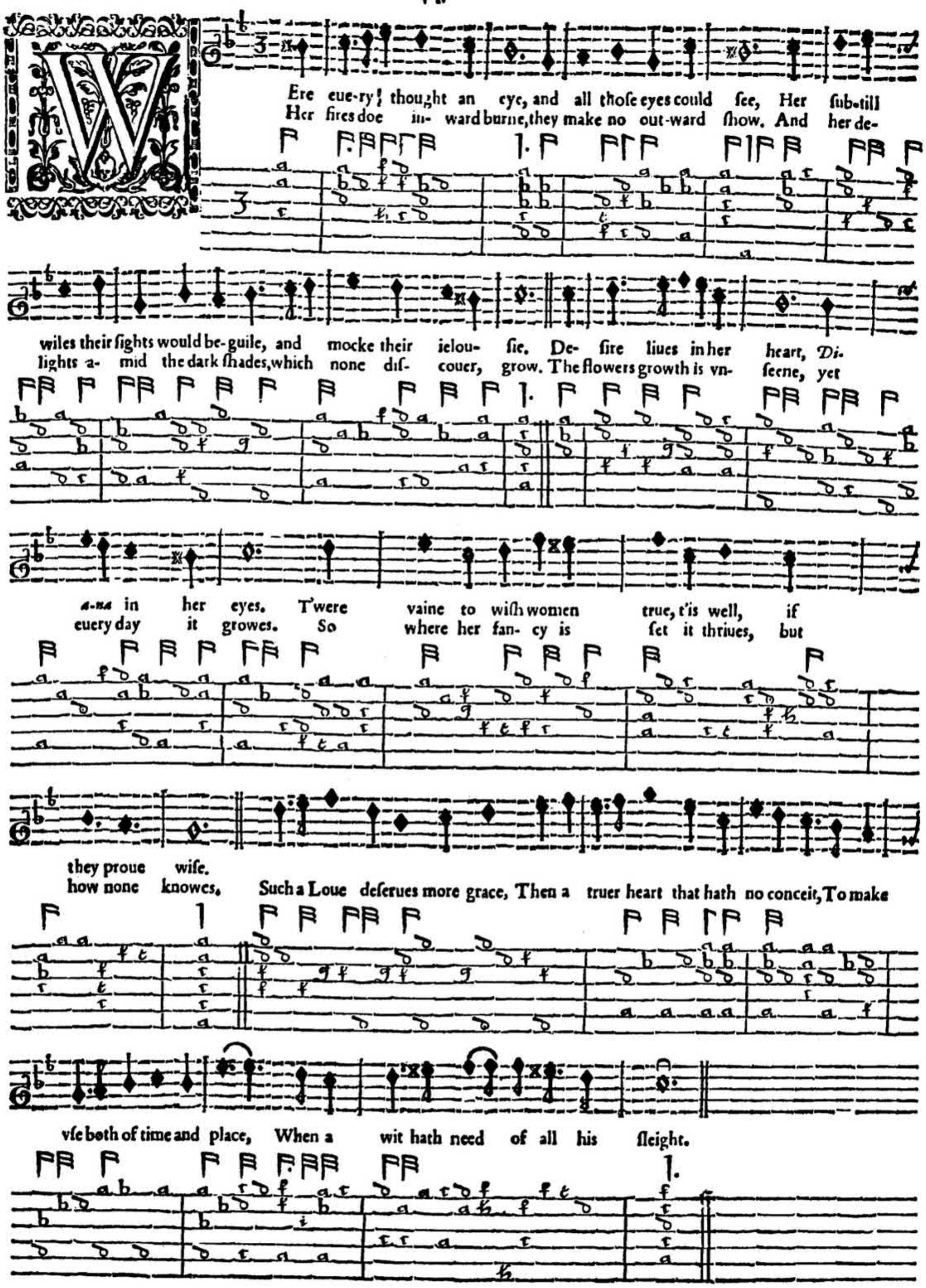
TENOR. IIII.

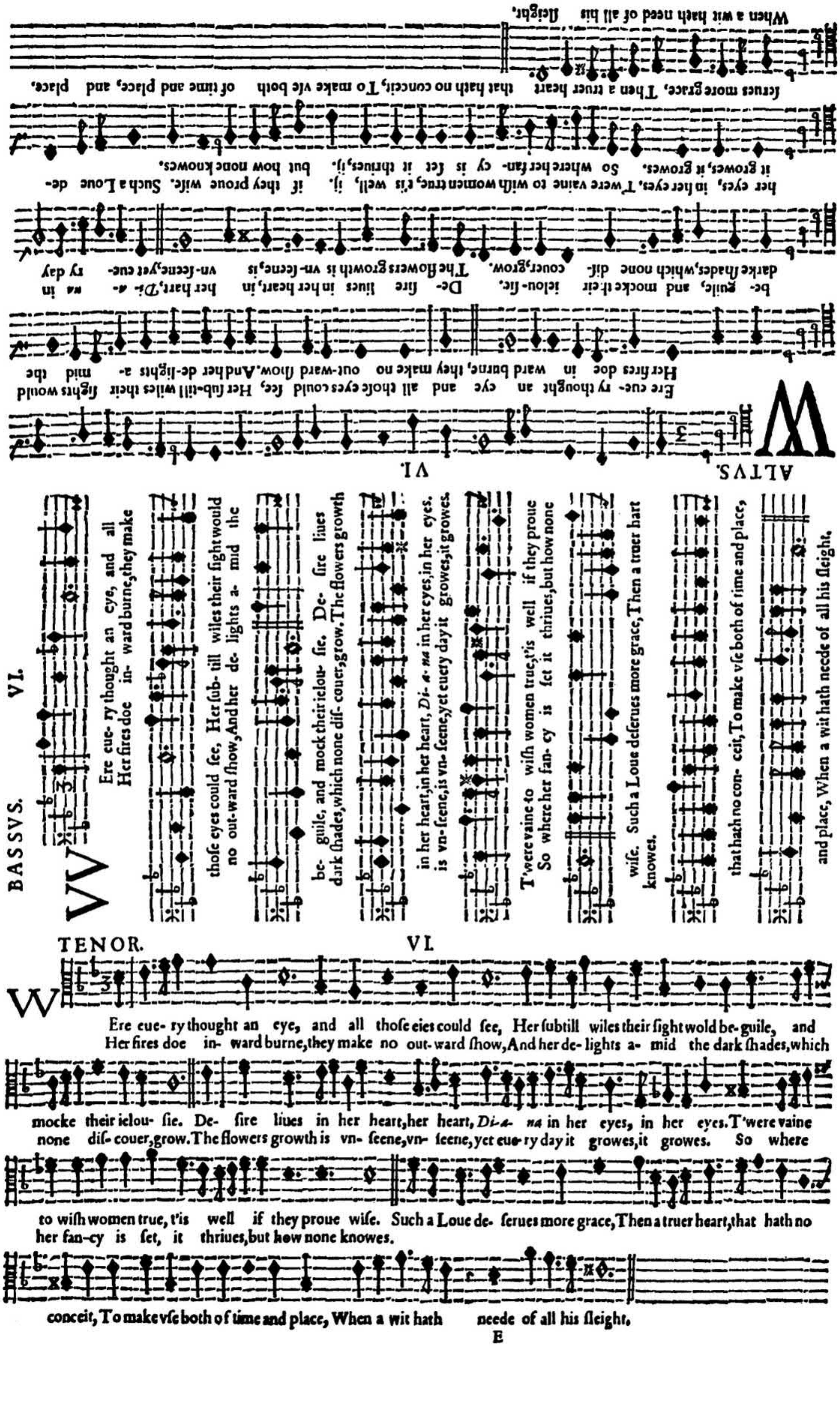


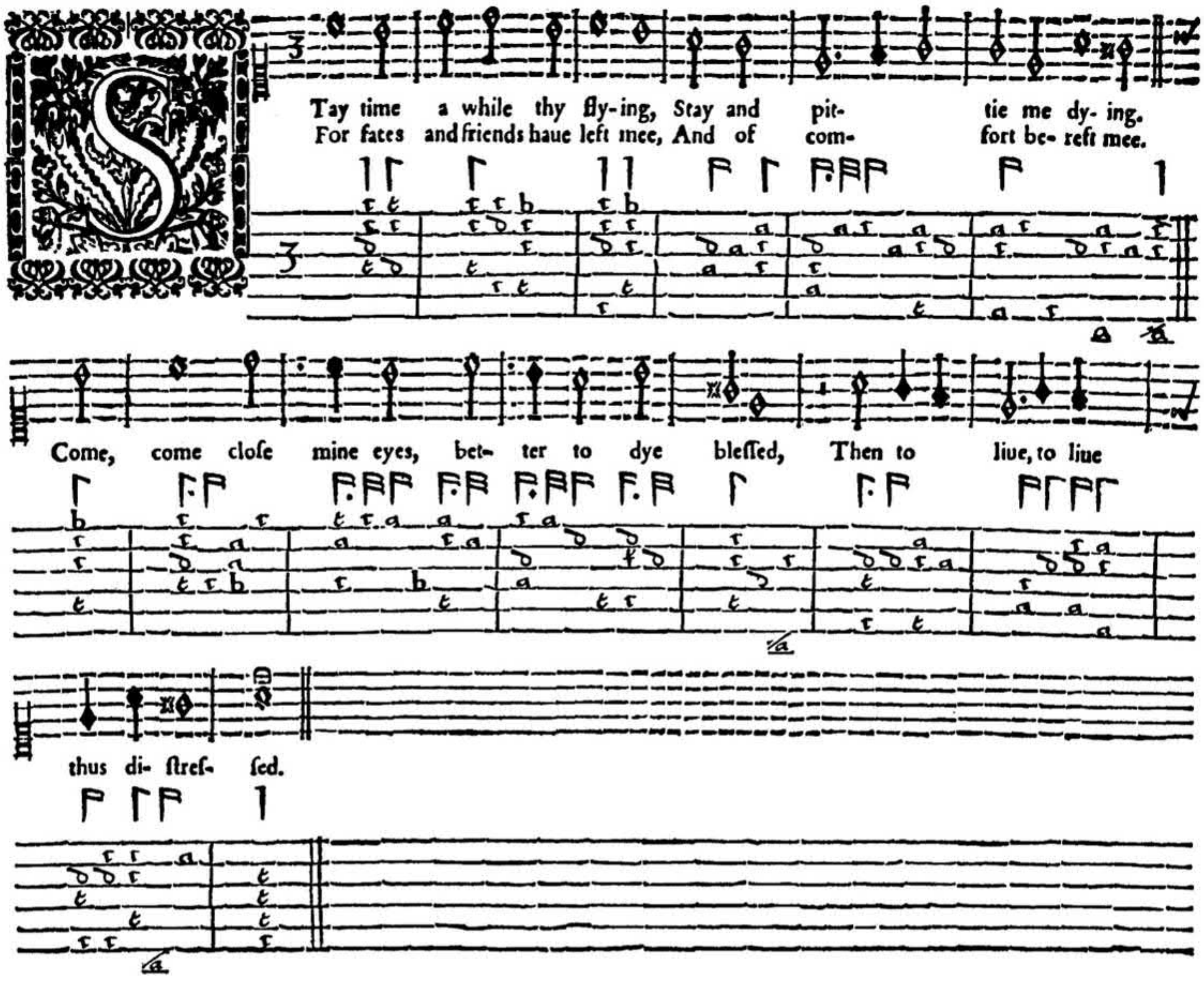


SHall I ſtriue with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceiue not due re- gard?
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reſt- leſſe an-guiſh muſt re- ueale:
Shall I ſpeake, and ney- ther pleaſe, nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end, though
Shee a-lone my wound ſhall know, though ſhee will not heale. Stormes calme at laſt, and
a while de- laid, our pa- tience pro- uing. O that times
why may not ſhee leaue off her frow- ning? O ſweet Loue,
ſtrange ef- fects could but make, but make her lo- uing. I woo'd her, I lou'd her,
help her hands my af- fe- cti- on crow- ning.
and none but her ad- mire. O come deare ioy, and an- ſwere my de- ſire.


ALTVS.
V.
SHall I ftriue with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceiue not due regard? Shall I fpeake, and ney- ther
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reft-leffe an-guifh muft reueale: Shee a- lone my wound fhall
pleafe, nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end though a while de-laid, our patience pro-uing, O that
know, though fhe will not heale. Stormes calme at laft, and why may not fhe leaue off her frowning? O fweet
times, ftrange times, ftrange ef- fects, could but make her lo- uing. I woo'd her, I lou'd her, and none
Loue, help Loue, help her hands, her hands my af- fe- ction crow- ning.
but her ad- mire, O come deare ioy, and anfwere, anfwere my de- fire.
BASSVS.
V.
SHall I ftriue with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceiue not due regard? Shall I fpeake, and ney- ther
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reft-leffe an- guifh muft reueale: Shee a- lone my wound fhall
pleafe, nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end, though a while de-laid, our pa-ti-ence pro-uing. O that
know, though fhe will not heale. Stormes calme at laft, and why may not fhee leaue off her frowning? O fweet
times, ftrange ef- fects could but make her, make her lo- uing.
Loue help herhands, my af- fe- ction crowning, crowning.
I, I woo'd her, I lou'd her, and none but her admire, O
come deare ioy, and anfwere my defire.
TENOR.
V.
SHall I ftriue with wordes to moue, when deedes re- ceiue not due regard? Shall I fpeake, and ney- ther pleafe,
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reft- leffe an- guifh muft reueale: Shee a- lone my wound fhall know,
nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end, though a while, a while de- laid, our patience, patience pro- uing:
though fhe will not heale. Stormes calme at laft, and why may, why may not fhe leaue off, leaue off her frow- ning?
O, O that times, that times, ftrange, ftrange times, ftrange ef- fects, could make her, could make her lo- uing. I, I woo'd
O, O fweet Loue, fweet Loue help, help Loue, help her hands my, my af- fe- cti- on crowning.
her, I lou'd her, and none but her ad- mire, O come deare Ioy and anfwere, and anfwere my de- fire.

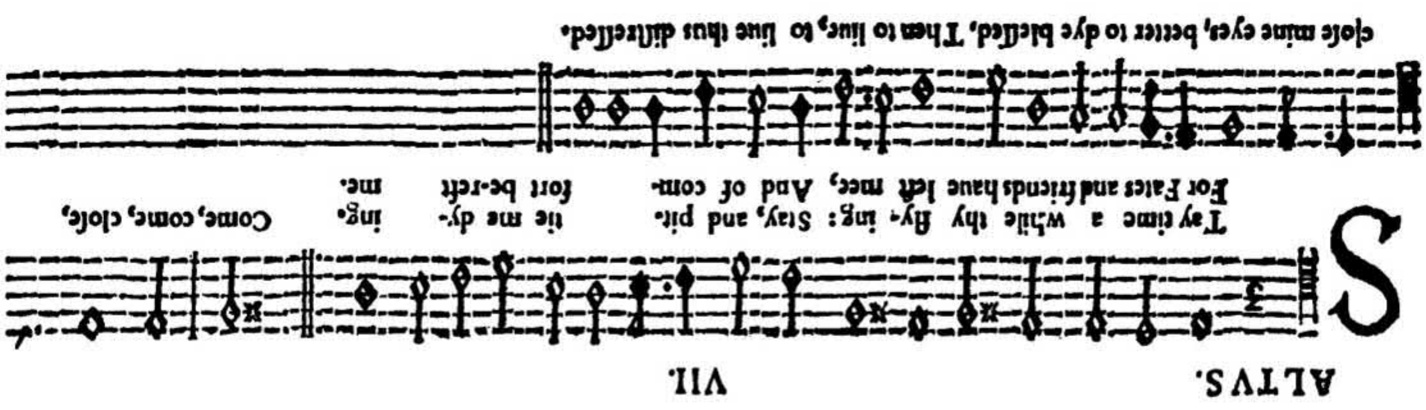

W
Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all thoſe eyes could ſee, Her ſub-till
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out-ward ſhow. And her de-
wiles their ſights would be-guile, and mocke their ielou- ſie. De- ſire liues in her heart, Di-
lights a- mid the dark ſhades, which none diſ- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ſeene, yet
a-na in her eyes. T'were vaine to wiſh women true, t'is well, if
euery day it growes. So where her fan- cy is ſet it thriues, but
they proue wiſe.
how none knowes. Such a Loue deſerues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make
vſe both of time and place, When a wit hath need of all his ſleight.

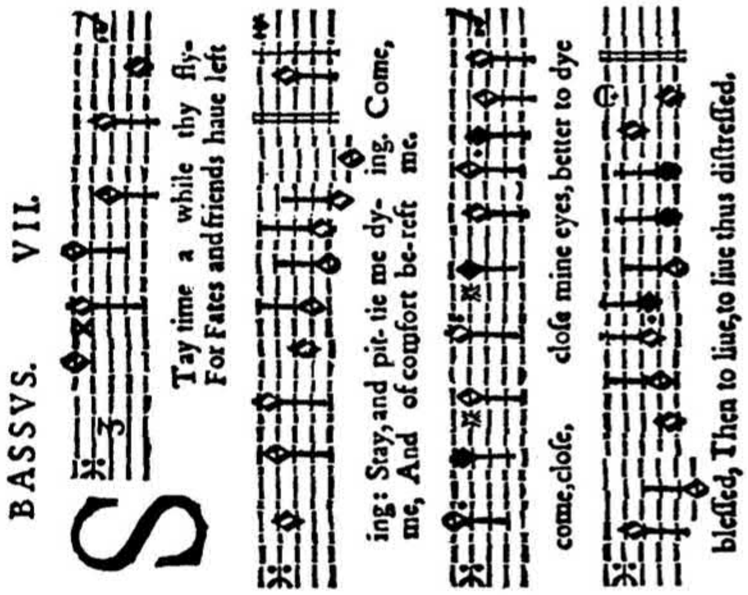

ALTVS. VI.
Ere eue- ry thought an eye and all those eyes could see, Her sub-till wiles their sights would
Her fires doe in ward burne, they make no out-ward show, And her de-lights a- mid the
be- guile, and mocke their ielou-sie, De- sire liues in her heart, in her hart, Di- a- na in
darke shades, which none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn-seene, is vn-seene, yet eue- ry day
her eyes, in her eyes, T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well, ij. if they proue wise. Such a Loue de-
it growes, it growes. So where her fan- cy is set it thriues, ij. but how none knowes.
serues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make vse both of time and place, and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.
BASSVS. VI.
Ere eue- ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub- till wiles their sight would be- guile, and mock their ielou- sie. De- sire liues in her heart, in her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well if they proue wise. Such a Loue deserues more grace, Then a truer hart that hath no con- ceit, To make vse both of time and place, and place, When a wit hath neede of all his sleight.
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out-ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- seene, is vn- seene, yet euery day it growes, it growes. So where her fan- cy is set it thriues, but how none knowes.
TENOR. VI.
Ere eue- ry thought an eye, and all those eies could see, Her subtill wiles their sight wold be- guile, and
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out- ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which
mocke their ielou- sie. De- sire liues in her heart, her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine
none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- seene, vn- seene, yet eue- ry day it growes, it growes. So where
to wish women true, t'is well if they proue wise. Such a Loue de- serues more grace, Then a truer heart, that hath no
her fan- cy is set, it thriues, but how none knowes.
conceit, To make vse both of time and place, When a wit hath neede of all his sleight.

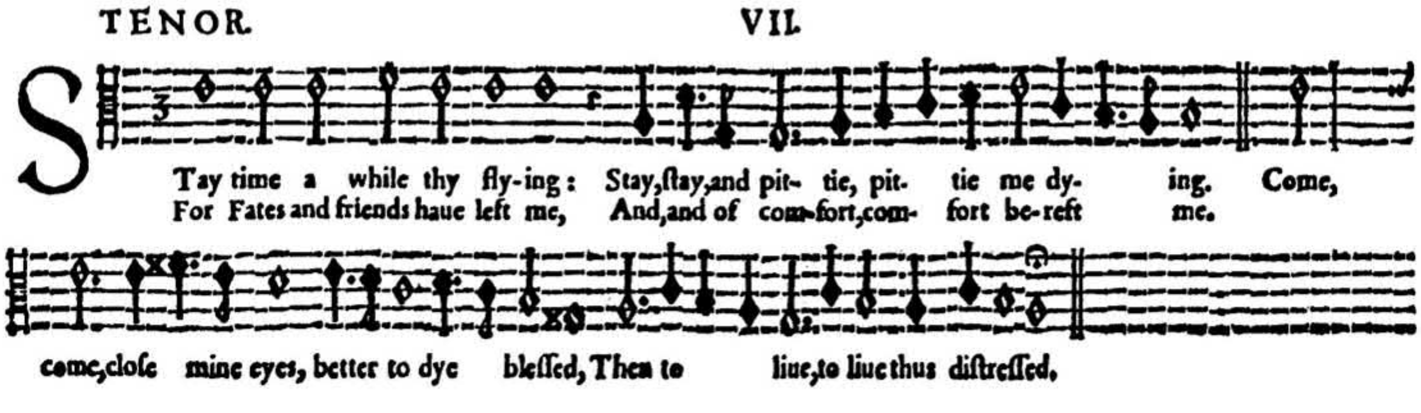


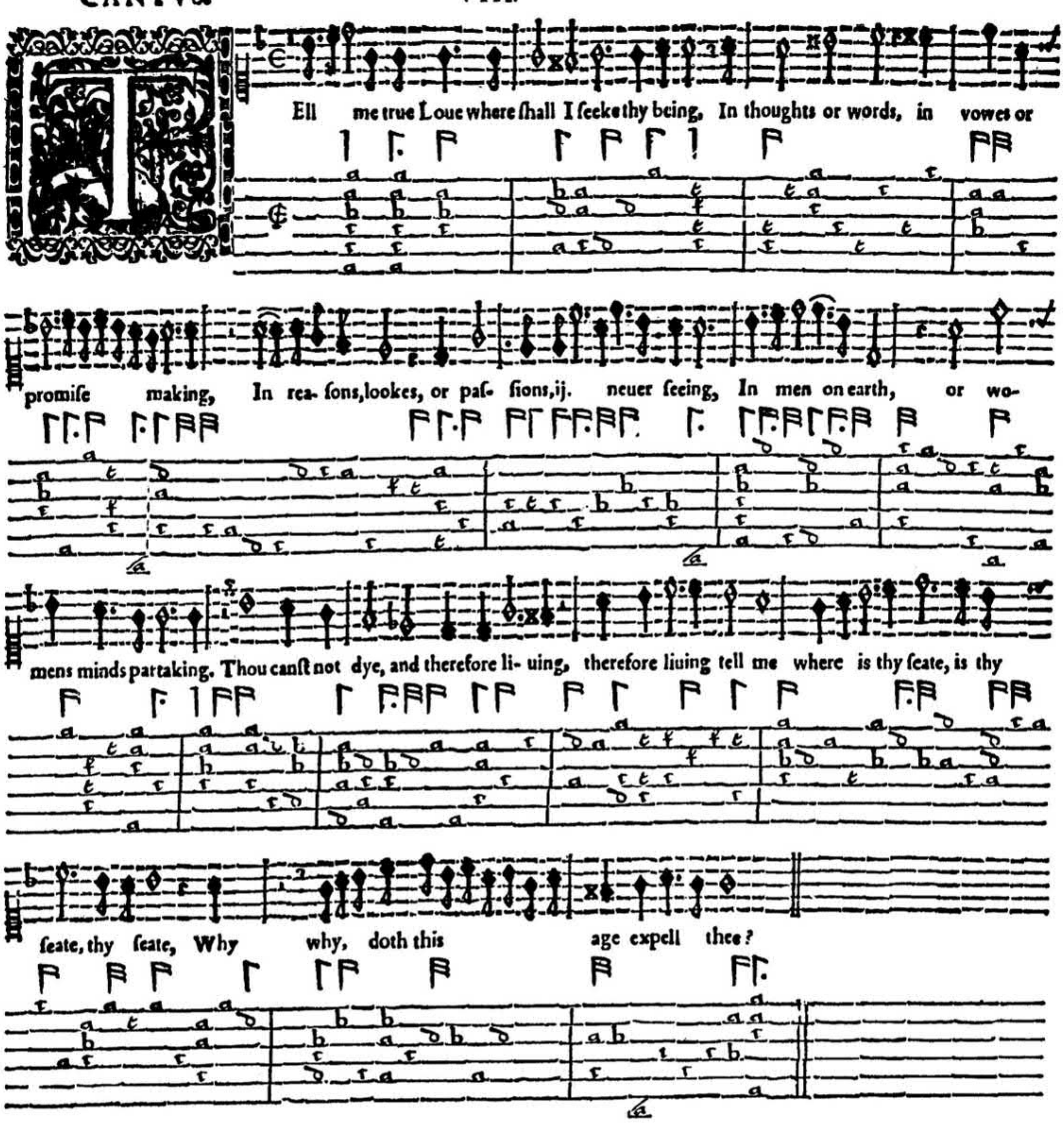
To whom shall I complaine me,
When thus friends doe disdaine mee ?
T'is time that must befriend me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then to liue thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,
I feede by night, (oh cruell)
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,
Mine are dumbe passing measure.
Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then here to liue distressed.


ALTVS. VII.
S
Tay time a while thy fly- ing: Stay, and pit- tie me dy- ing. Come, come, close,
For Fates and friends haue left mee, And of com- fort be-reft me.
close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue thus distressed.


BASSVS. VII.
S
Tay time a while thy fly- ing: Stay, and pit- tie me dy- ing. Come,
For Fates and friends haue left me, And of comfort be-reft me.
come, close, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue thus distressed.

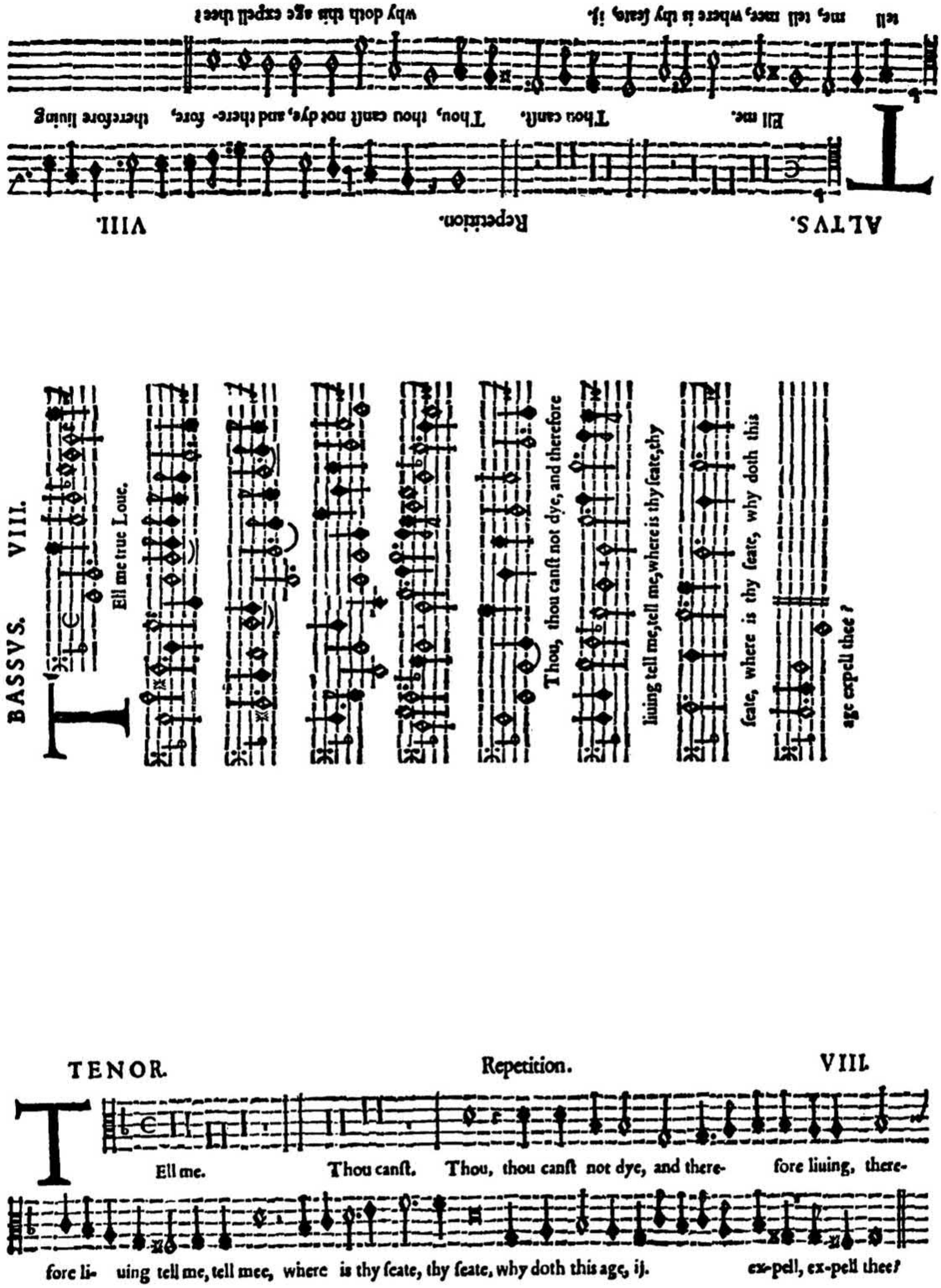

TENOR. VII.
S
Tay time a while thy fly-ing: Stay, stay, and pit- tie, pit- tie me dy- ing. Come,
For Fates and friends haue left me, And, and of com-fort, com- fort be-reft me.
come, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue thus distressed.

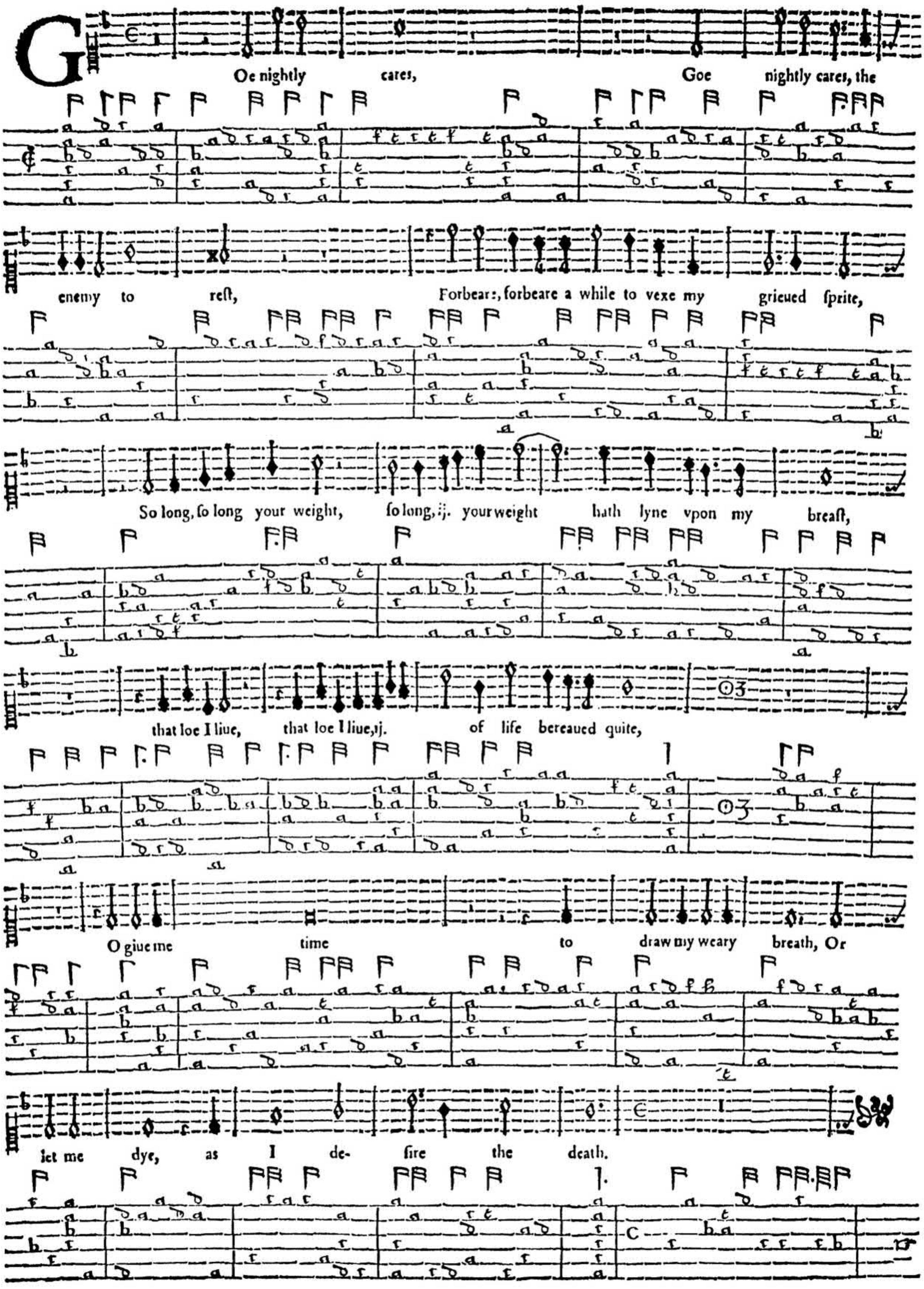


2 When thoughts are ſtill vnſeene and words diſguiſed;
vowes are not ſacred held, nor promiſe debt:
By paſſion reaſons glory is ſurpriſed,
in neyther ſexe is true loue firmely ſet.
Thoughts fainde, words falſe, vowes and promiſe broken
Made true Loue flye from earth, this is the token.

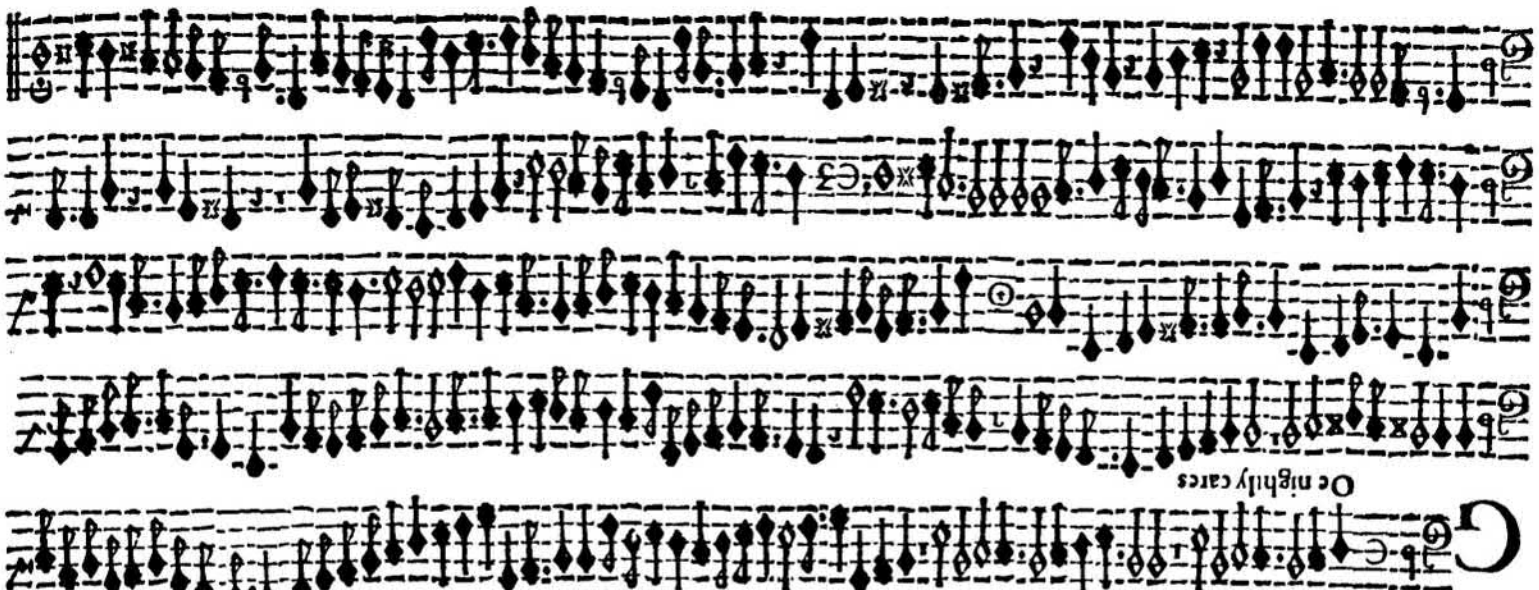
3 Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
ſince truth and falſhood liue like twins together:
Beleeue not ſenſe, eyes, eares, touch, taſte, or ſmelling,
both Art and Nature's forc'd: put truſt in neyther.
One onely ſhee doth true Loue captiue binde
In faireſt breſt, but in a fairer minde.

O faireſt minde, enrich'd with Loues reſiding,
retaine the beſt; in hearts let ſome ſeede fall,
In ſtead of weeds Loues fruits may haue abiding,
at Harueſt you ſhall reape encreaſe of all.
O happy Loue, more happy man that findes thee,
Moſt happy Saint, that keepes, reſtores, vnbindes thee.

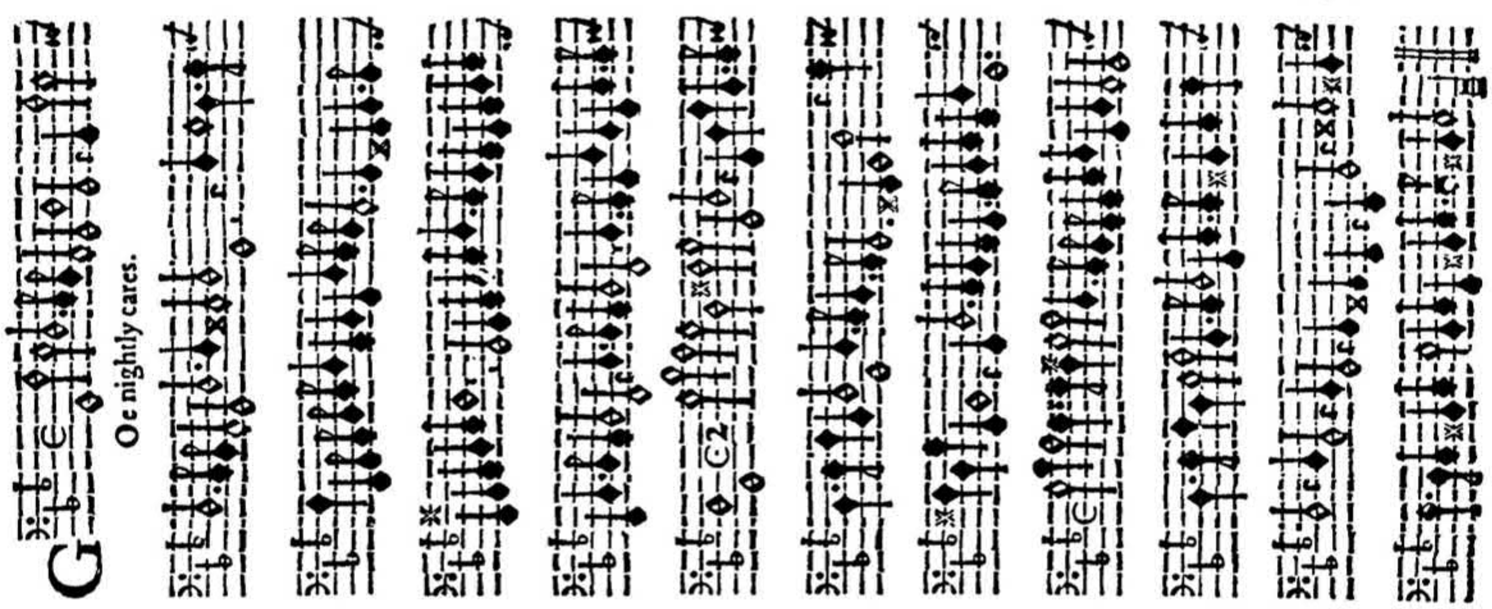

ALTVS.
Repetition.
VIII.
T
Ell me. Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there- fore, therefore liuing
tell me, tell mee, where is thy feate, ij. why doth this age expell thee?
BASSVS. VIII.
T
Ell me true Loue.
Thou, thou canst not dye, and therefore
liuing tell me, tell me, where is thy feate, thy
feate, where is thy feate, why doth this
age expell thee?
TENOR.
Repetition.
VIII.
T
Ell me. Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there- fore liuing, there-
fore li- uing tell me, tell mee, where is thy feate, thy feate, why doth this age, ij. ex-pell, ex-pell thee?

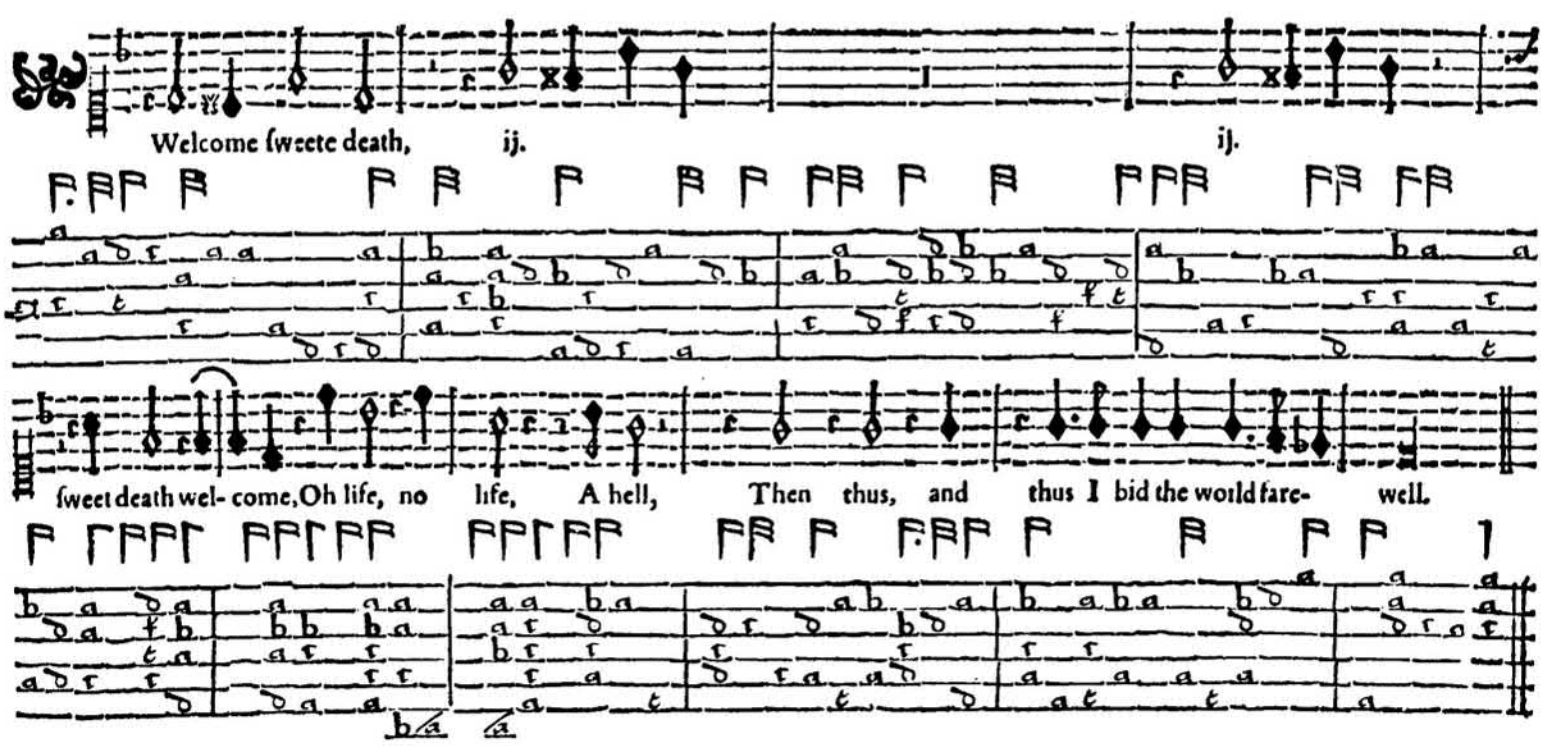

GOe nightly cares, Goe nightly cares, the
enemy to reſt, Forbeare, forbeare a while to vexe my grieued ſprite,
So long, ſo long your weight, ſo long, ij. your weight hath lyne vpon my breaſt,
that loe I liue, that loe I liue, ij. of life bereaued quite,
O giue me time to draw my weary breath, Or
let me dye, as I de- ſire the death.

CANTVS. IX.



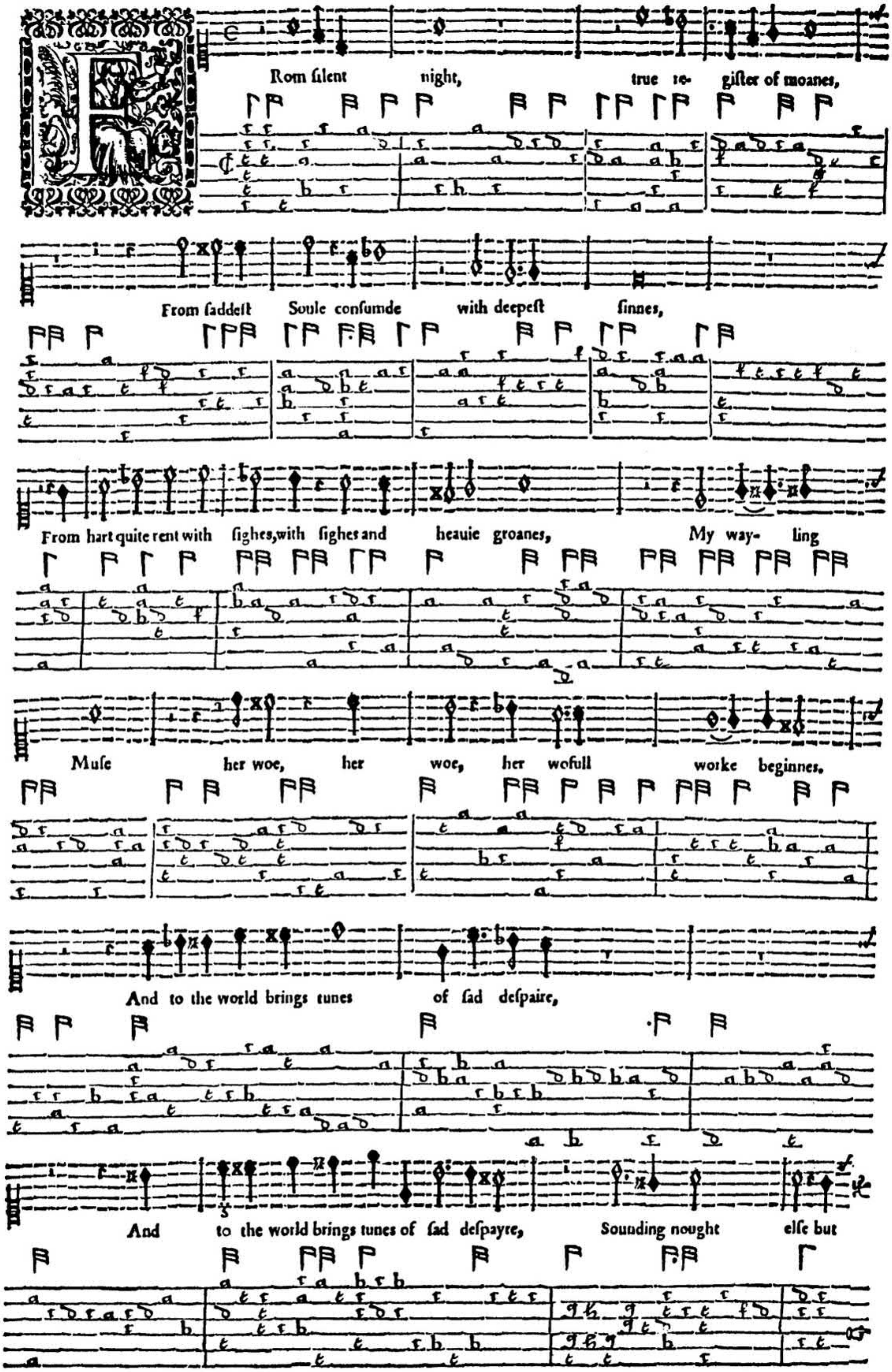
BASSVS. IX.

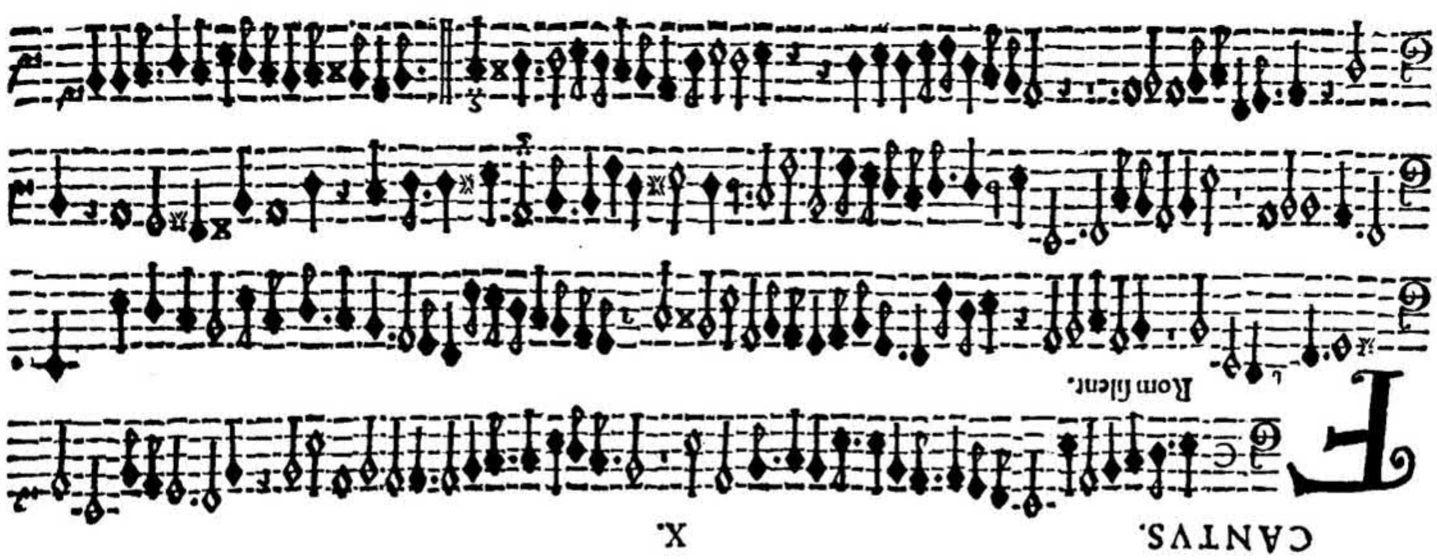


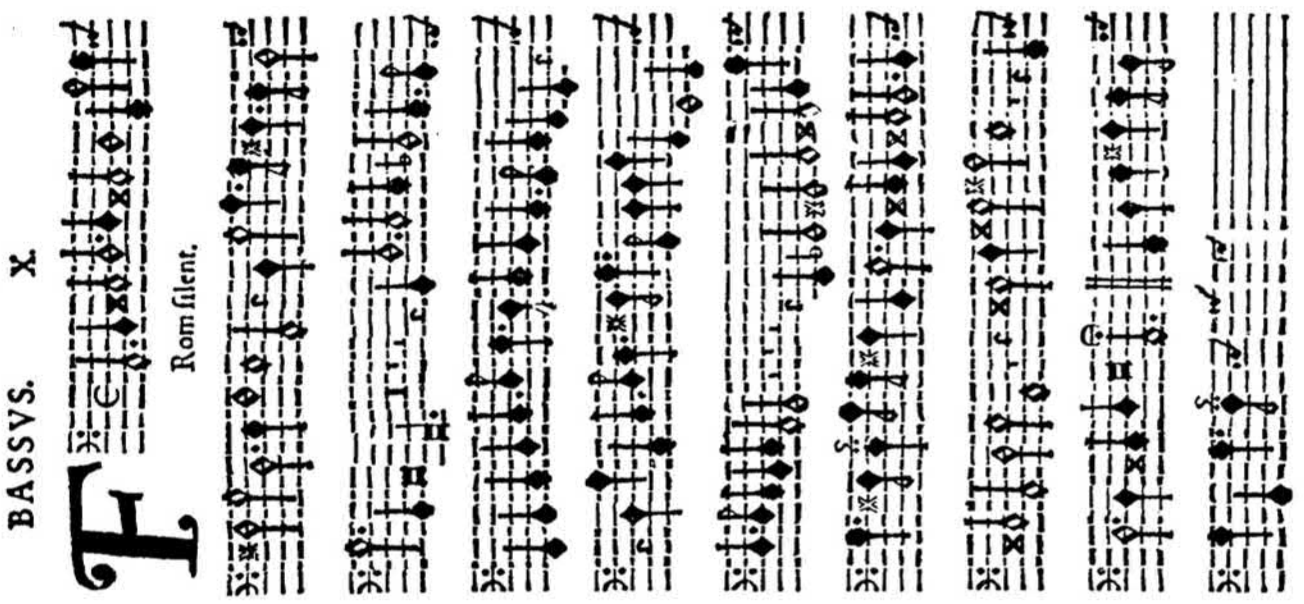


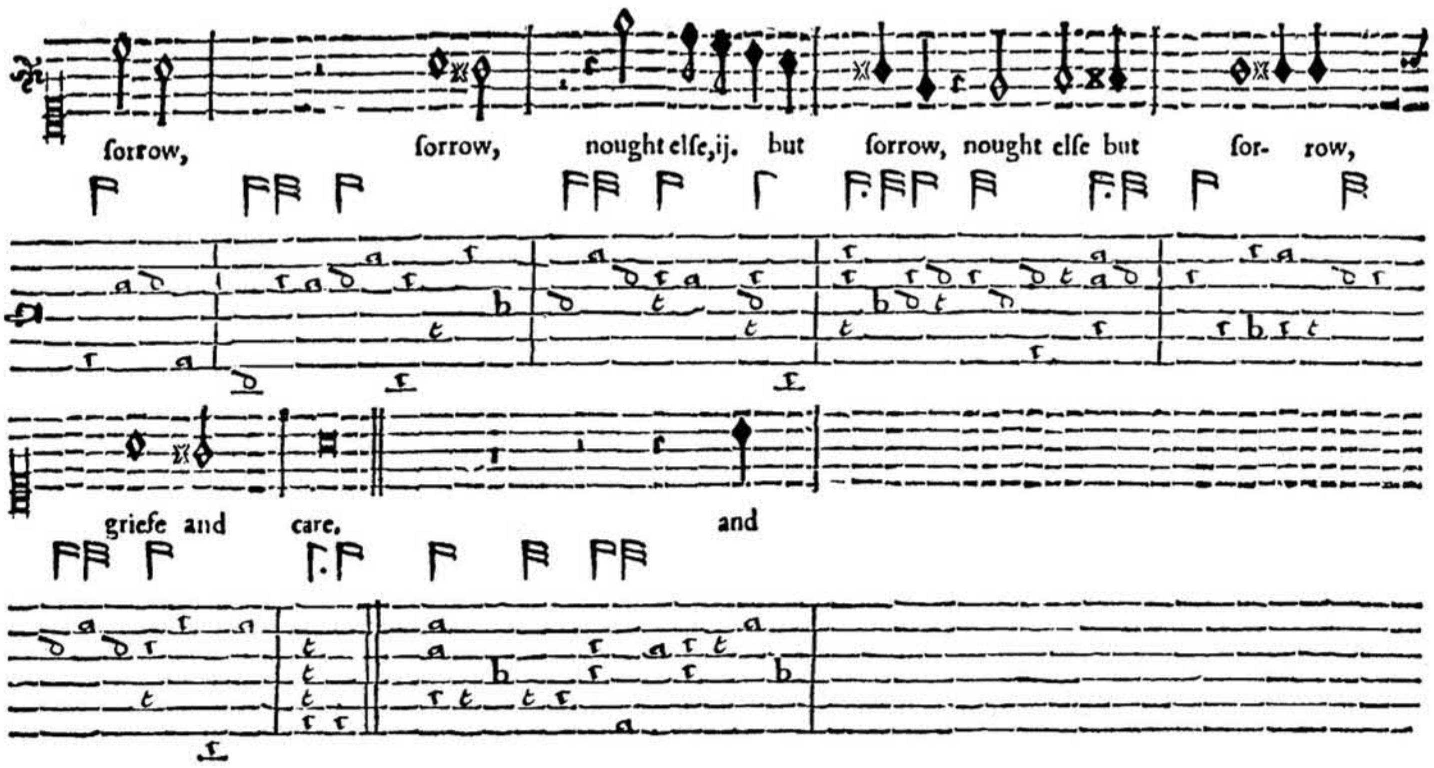
False world farewell the enemy to reſt,
now doe thy worſt, I doe not weigh thy ſpight:
Free from thy cares I liue for euer bleſt,
Enioying peace and heauenly true delight.

Delight, whom woes nor ſorrowes ſhall amate,
nor feares or teares diſturbe her happy ſtate.
And thus I leaue thy hopes, thy ioyes vntrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.


F
Rom ſilent night, true re- giſter of moanes,
From ſaddeſt Soule conſumde with deepeſt ſinnes,
From hart quite rent with ſighes, with ſighes and heauie groanes, My way- ling
Muſe her woe, her woe, her wofull worke beginnes.
And to the world brings tunes of ſad deſpaire,
And to the world brings tunes of ſad deſpayre, Sounding nought elſe but

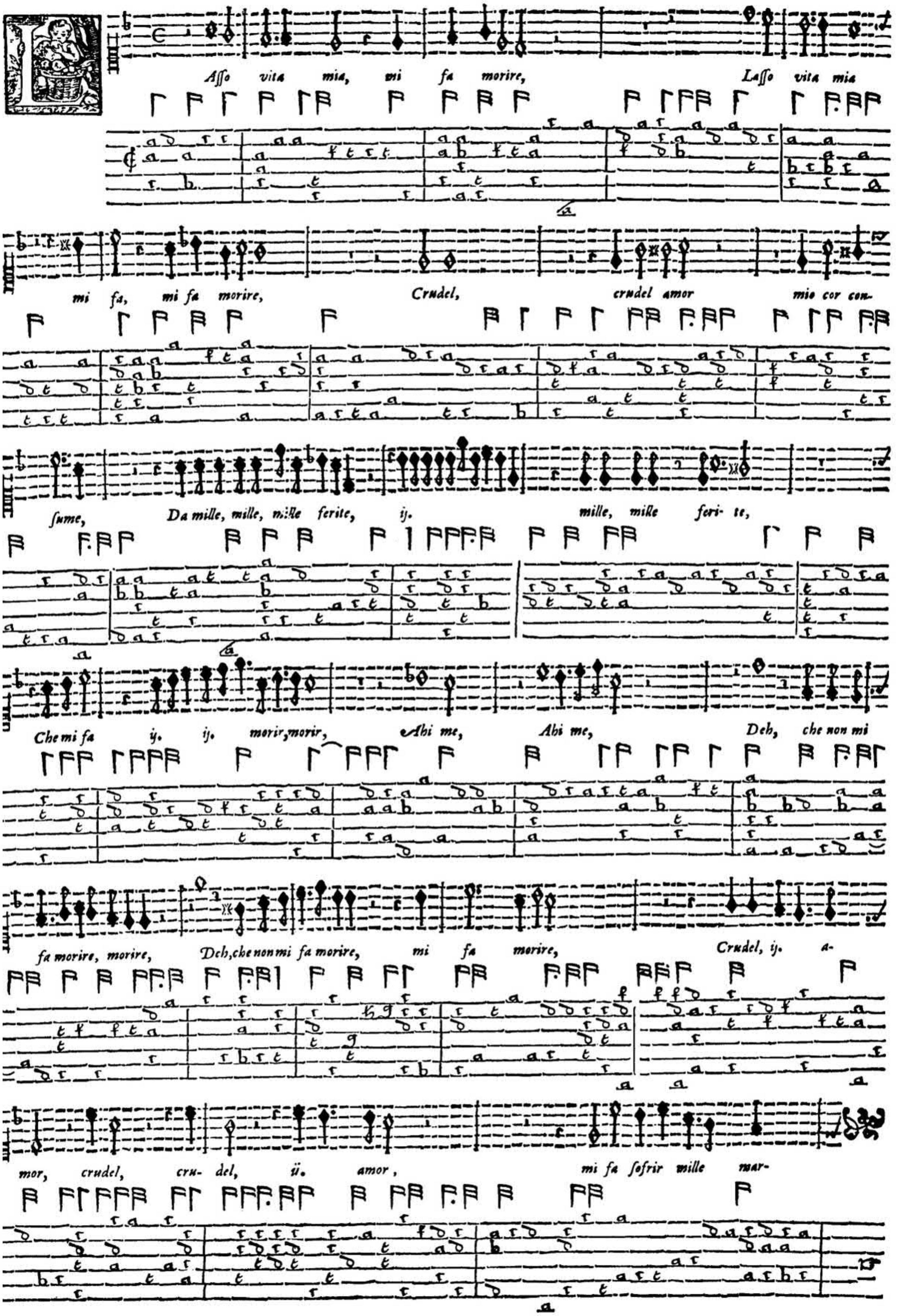


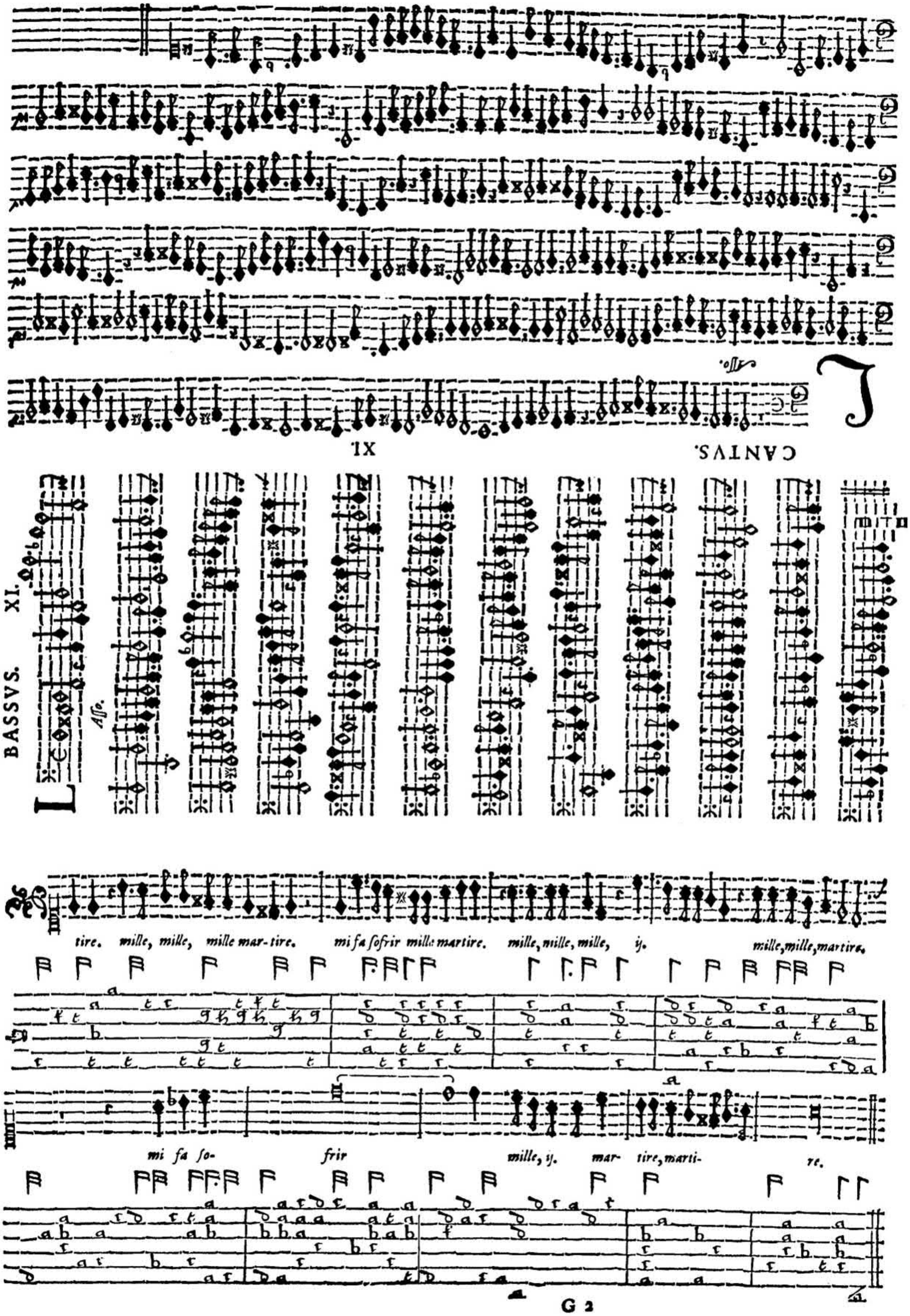


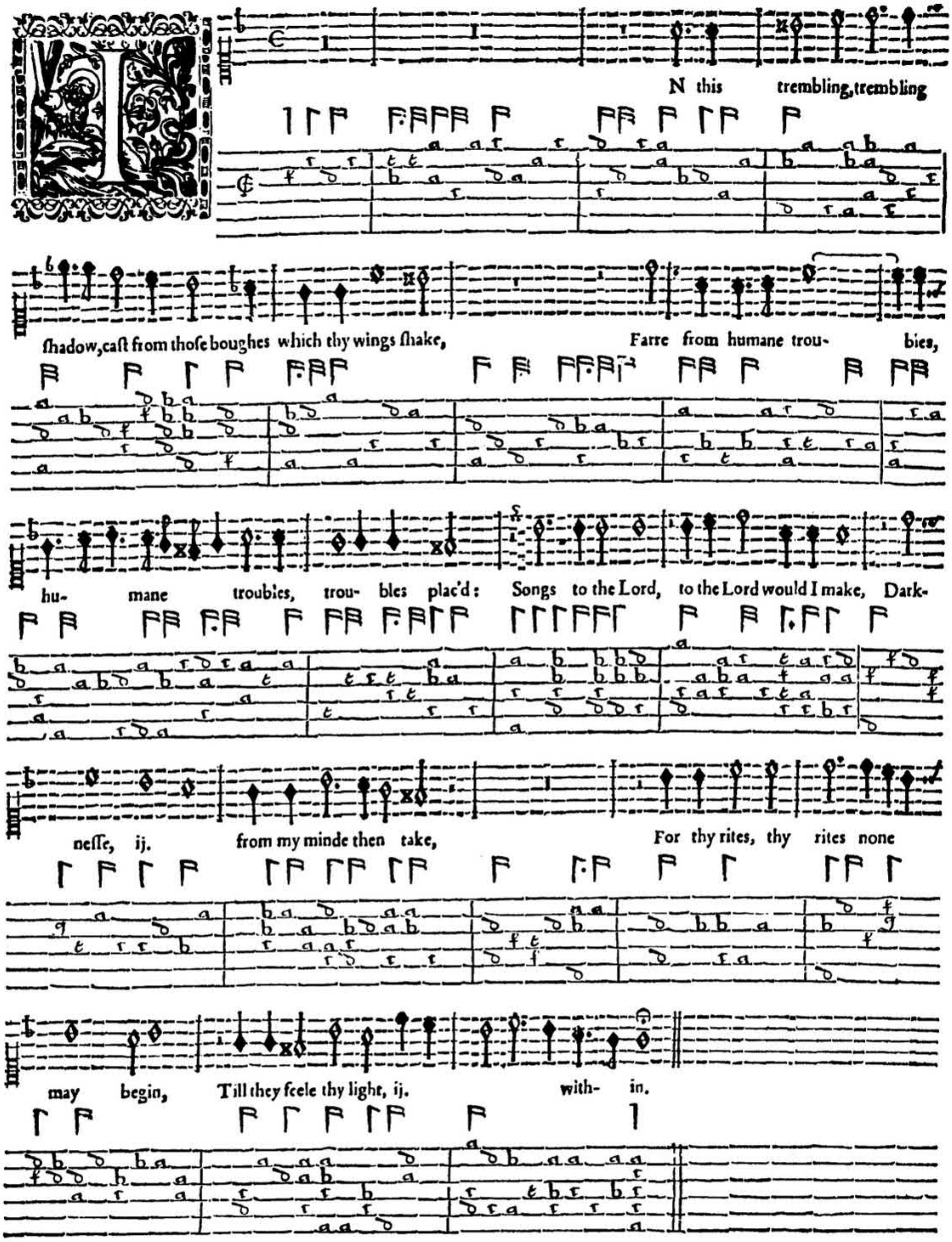


2 Sorrow to see my sorrowes cause augmented,
and yet lesse sorrowfull were my sorrowes more:
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not preuented,
for griefe it is must ease my grieued sore.
Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to grieue,
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieue.

3 If any eye therefore can spare a teare
to fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this sad feast draw neere,
refuse me not my humble soule beseekes:
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept
Were now too little had they all beene kept.

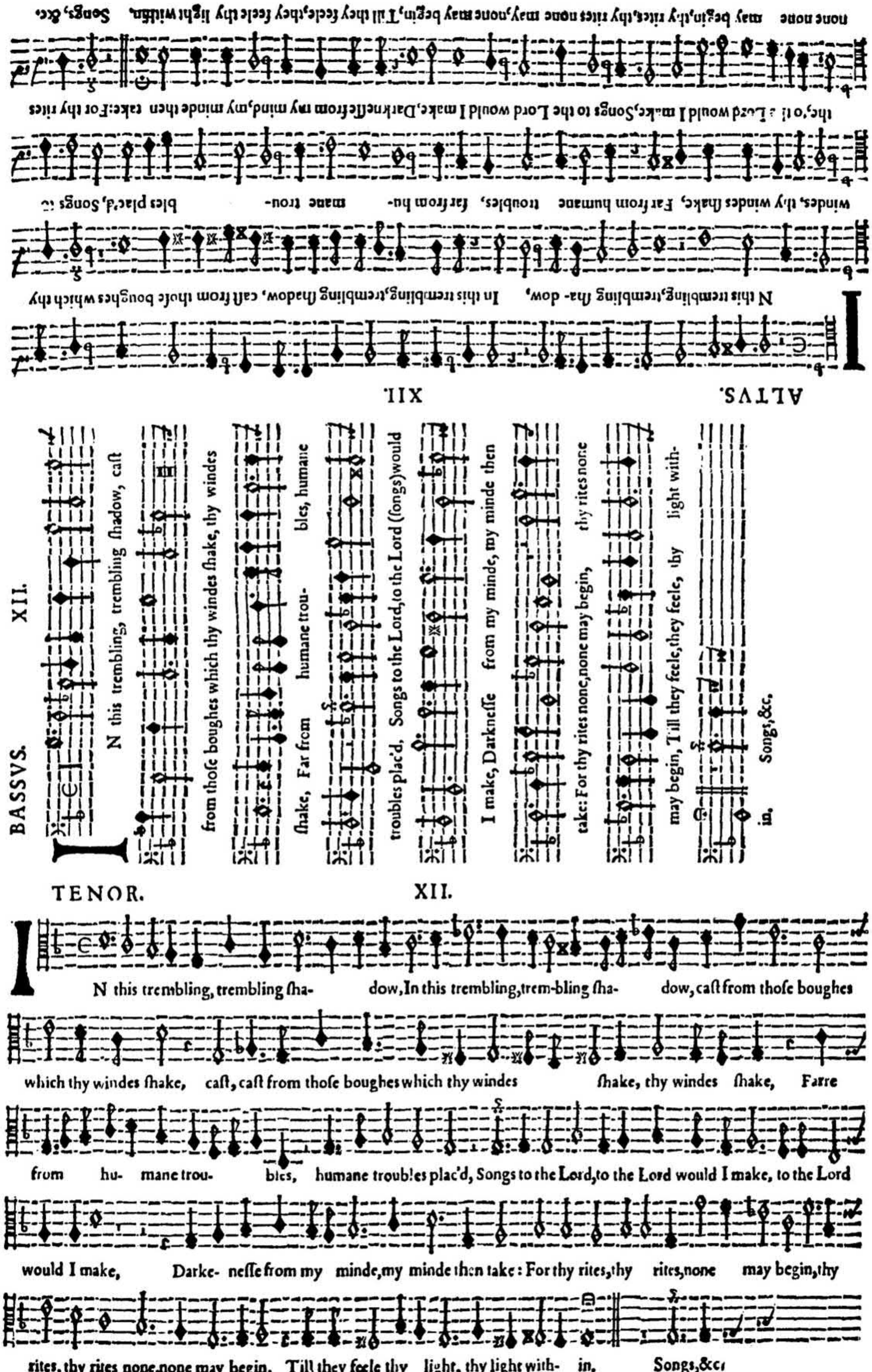

Aſſo vita mia, mi fa morire, Laſſo vita mia
mi fa, mi fa morire, Crudel, crudel amor mio cor con-
ſume, Da mille, mille, mille ferite, ij. mille, mille feri- te,
Che mi fa ij. ij. morir, morir, Ahi me, Ahi me, Deh, che non mi
fa morire, morire, Deh, che non mi fa morire, mi fa morire, Crudel, ij. a-
mor, crudel, cru- del, ij. amor, mi fa ſofrir mille mar-

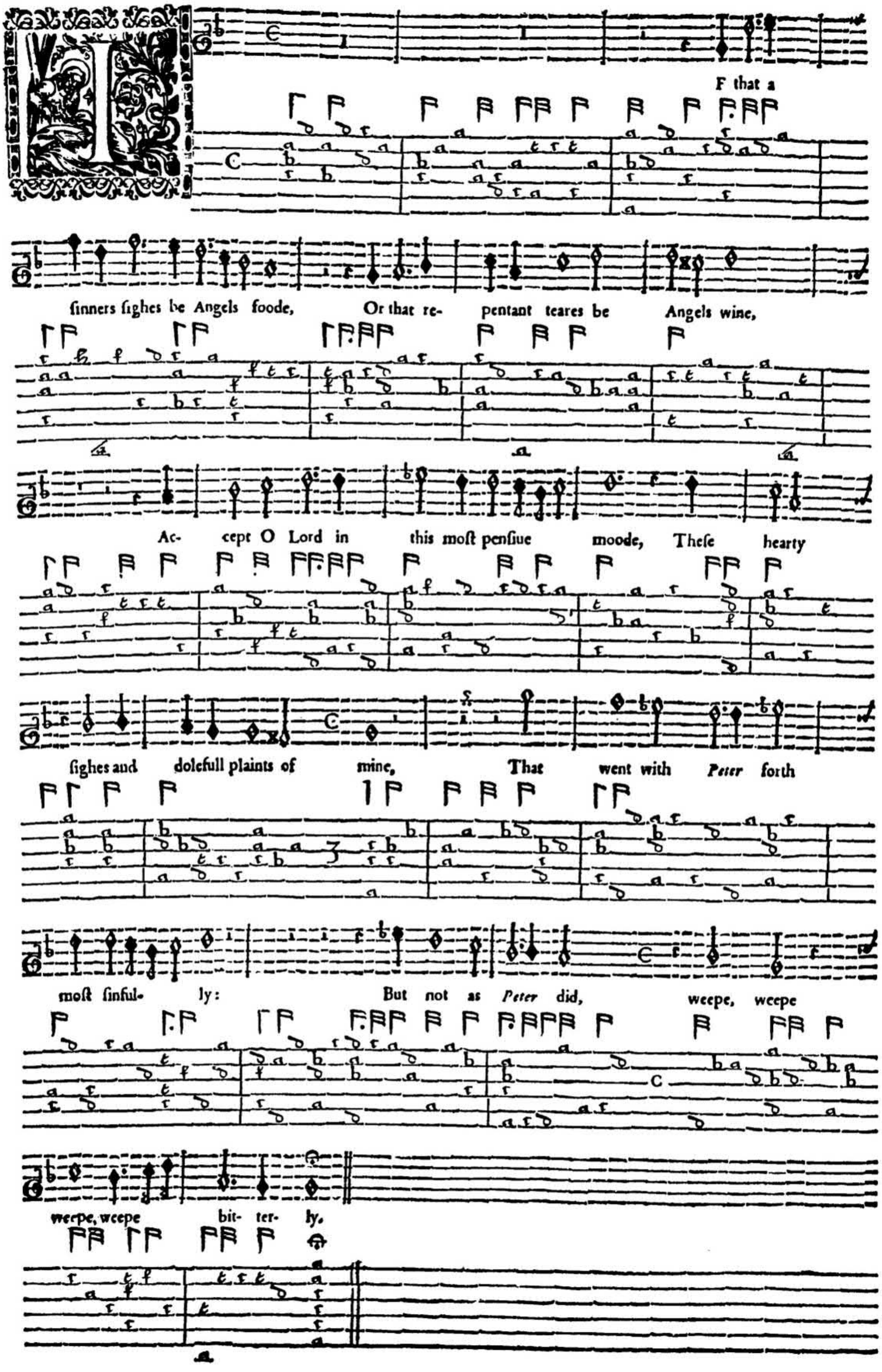

CANTVS.
XI.
BASSVS. XI.
tire. mille, mille, mille mar- tire. mi fa sofrir mille martire. mille, mille, mille, ij. mille, mille, martire.
mi fa so- frir mille, ij. mar- tire, marti- re.

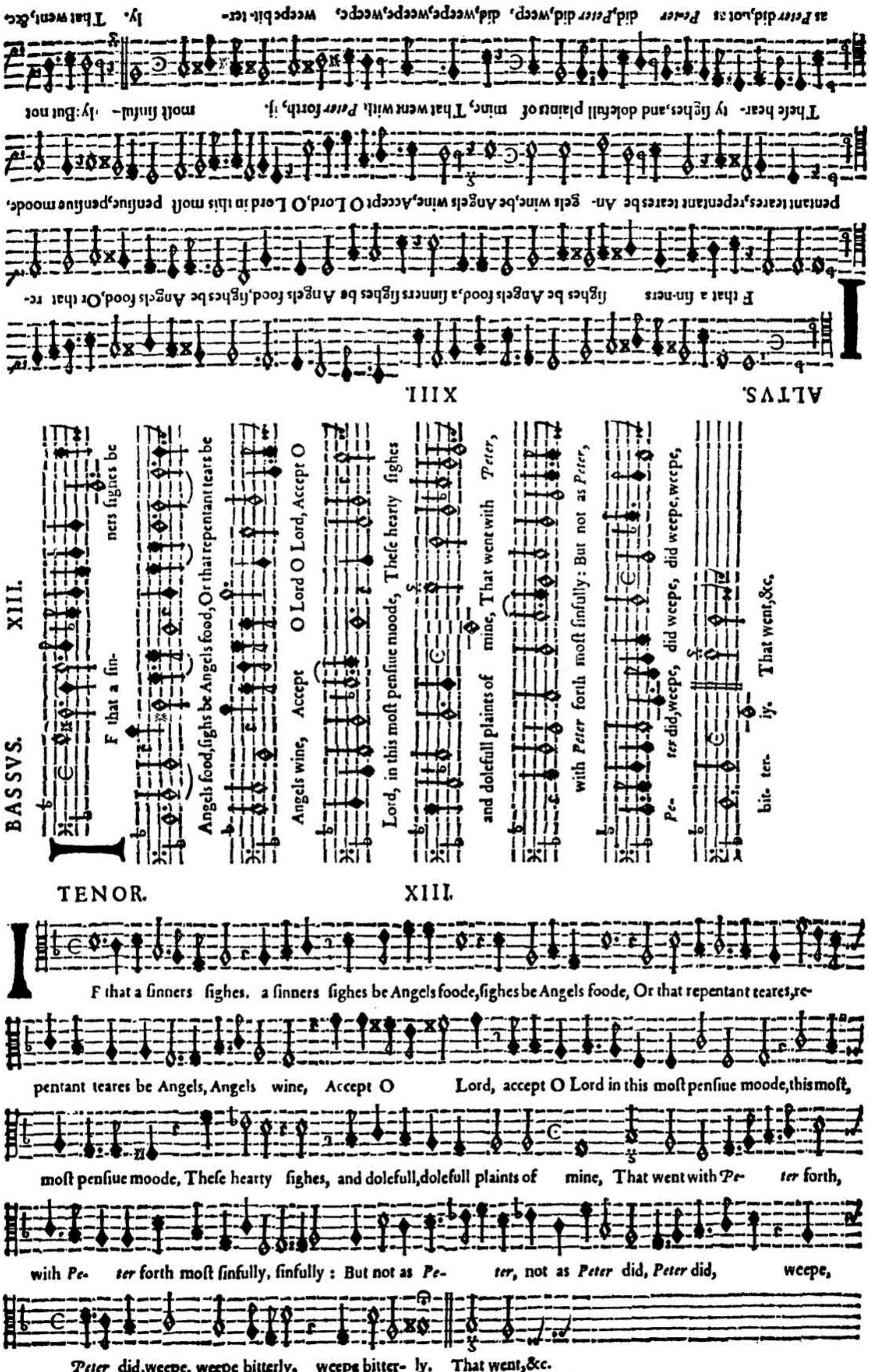


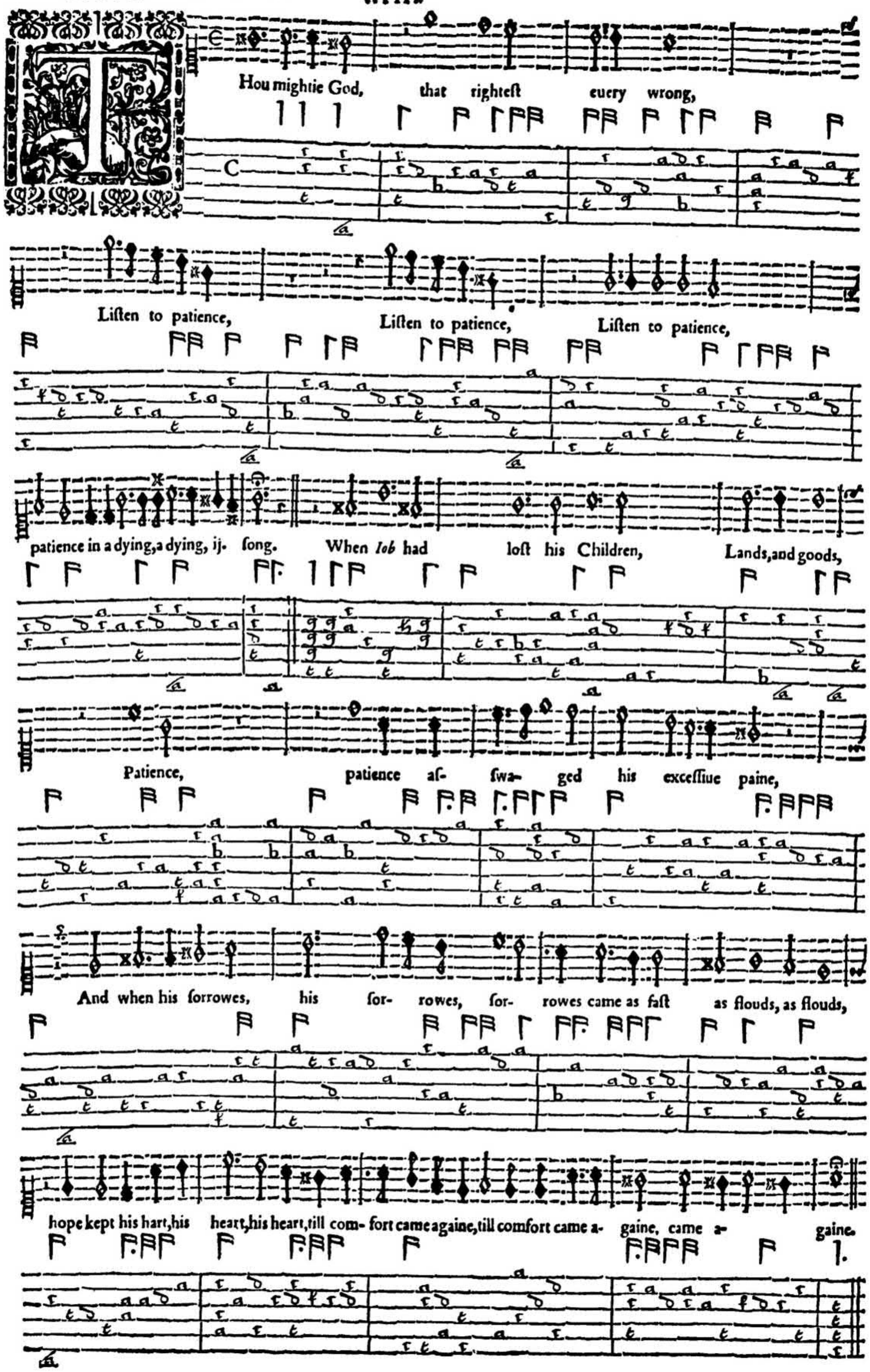
As I ſing, ſweete flowers Ile ſtrow,
from the fruitfull vallies brought:
Praiſing him by whom they grow,
him that heauen and earth hath wrought,
him that all things framde of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne ſake.

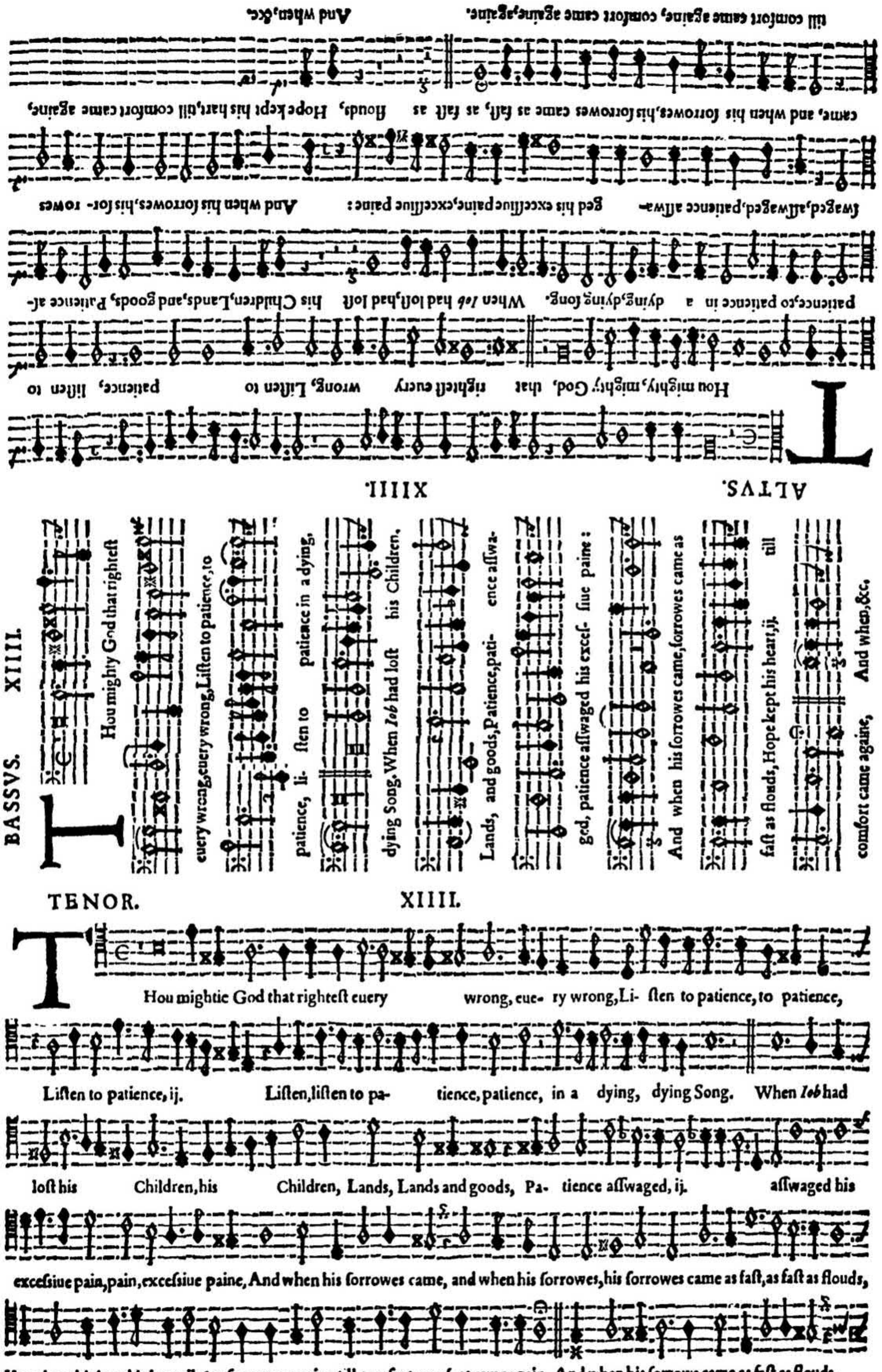
Muſicke all thy ſweetneſſe lend,
while of his high power I ſpeake,
On whom all powers elſe depend,
but my breſt is now too weake,
trumpets ſhrill the ayre ſhould breake,
All in vaine my ſounds I raiſe,
Boundleſſe power askes boundleſſe praiſe.

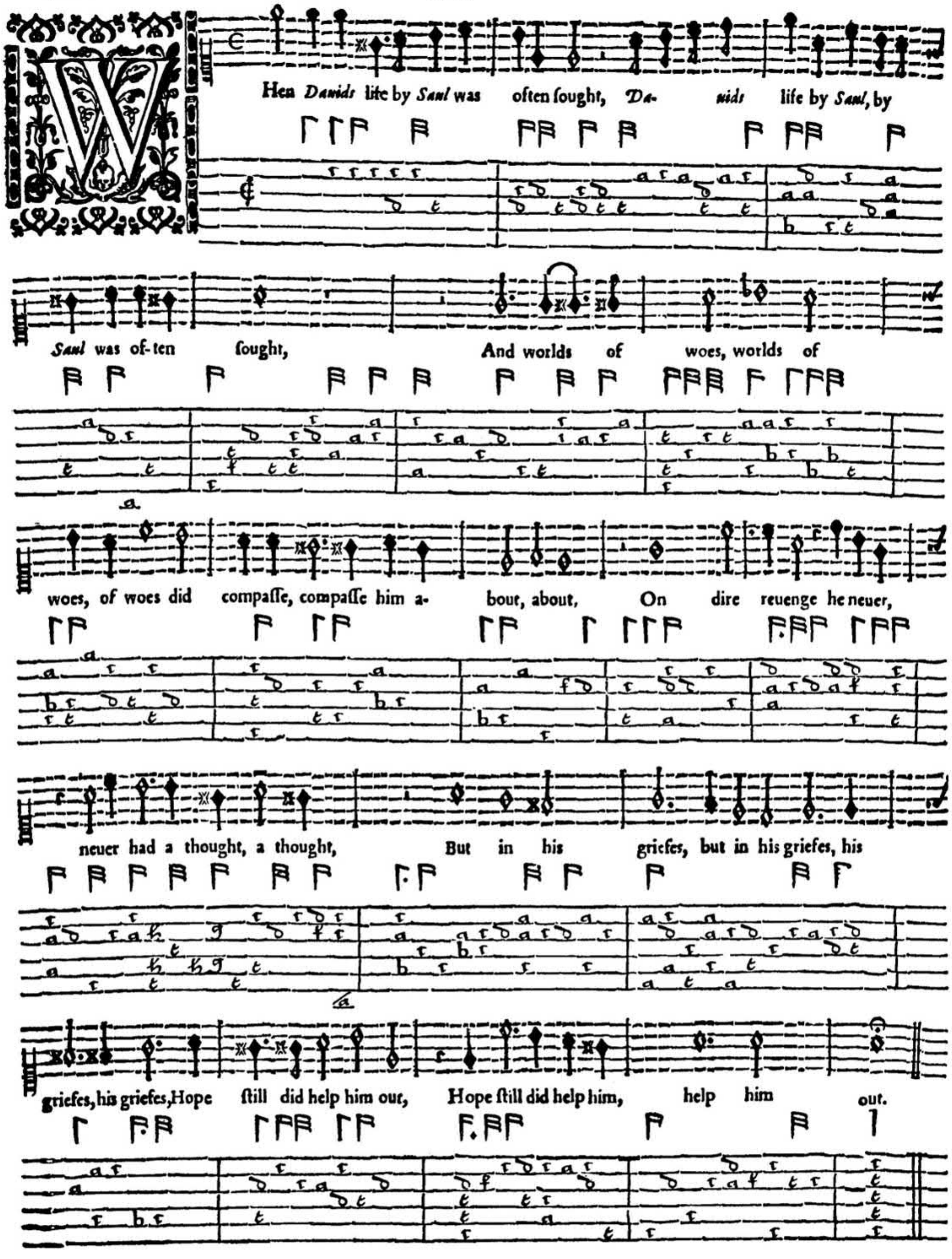

ALTUS. XII.
N this trembling, trembling sha- dow, In this trembling, trembling shadow, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, Far from humane troubles, far from hu- mane trou- bles plac'd, Songs &c.
thy, o li Lord would I make, Songs to the Lord would I make, Darknesse from my mind, my minde then take: For thy rites
none none may begin, thy rites, thy rites none may, none may begin, Till they feele, they feele thy light within. Songs, &c.
BASSUS. XII.
N this trembling, trembling shadow, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes shake, Far from humane trou- bles, humane troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord (songs) would I make, Darknesse from my minde, my minde then take: For thy rites none, none may begin, thy rites none may begin, Till they feele, they feele, thy light with- in. Songs, &c.
TENOR. XII.
N this trembling, trembling sha- dow, In this trembling, trem-bling sha- dow, cast from those boughes
which thy windes shake, cast, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes shake, Farre
from hu- mane trou- bles, humane troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, to the Lord
would I make, Darke- nesse from my minde, my minde then take: For thy rites, thy rites, none may begin, thy
rites, thy rites none, none may begin, Till they feele thy light, thy light with- in. Songs, &c.

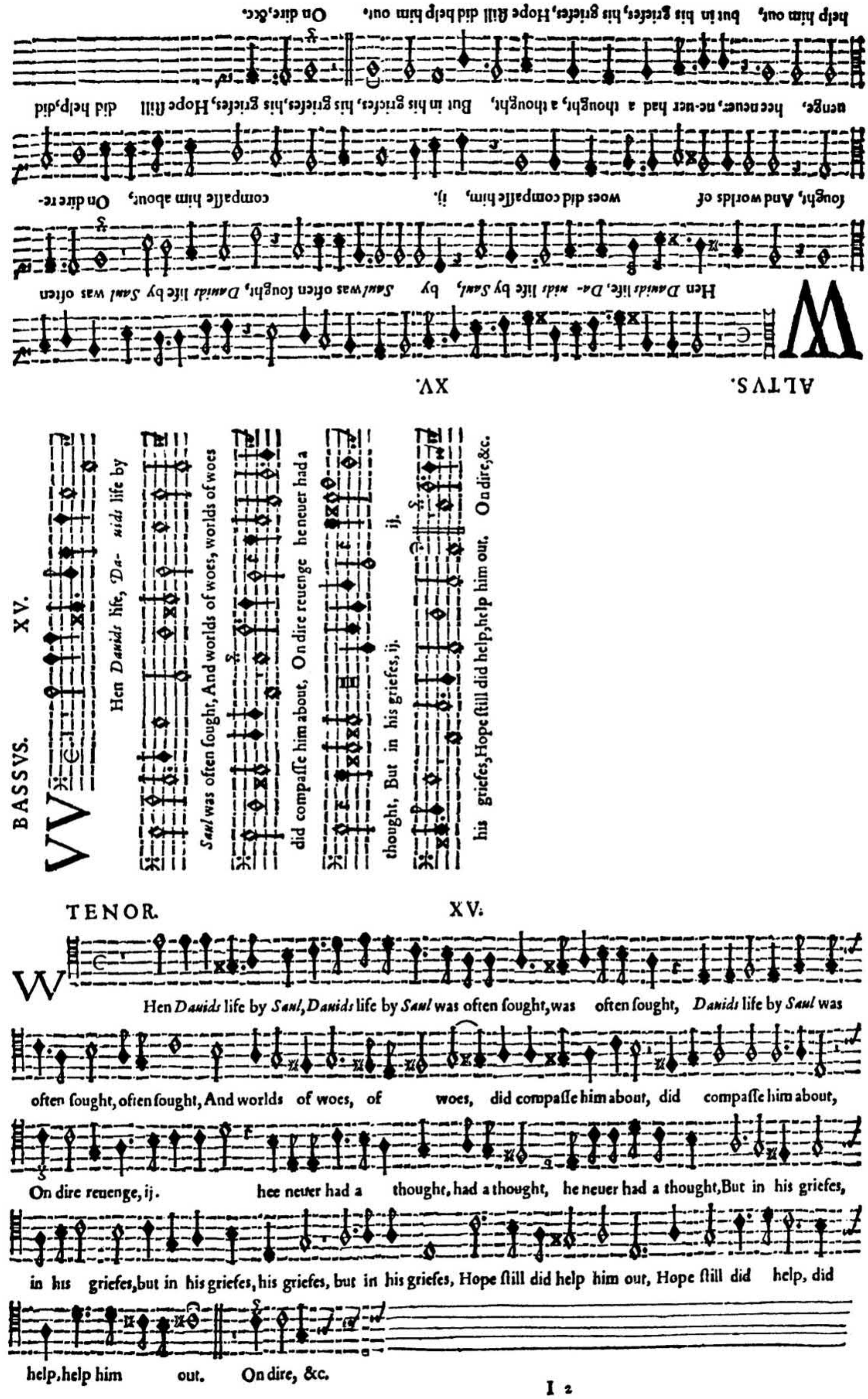

F that a
ſinners ſighes be Angels foode, Or that re- pentant teares be Angels wine,
Ac- cept O Lord in this moſt penſiue moode, Theſe hearty
ſighes and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Peter* forth
moſt ſinful- ly: But not as *Peter* did, weepe, weepe
weepe, weepe bit- ter- ly.

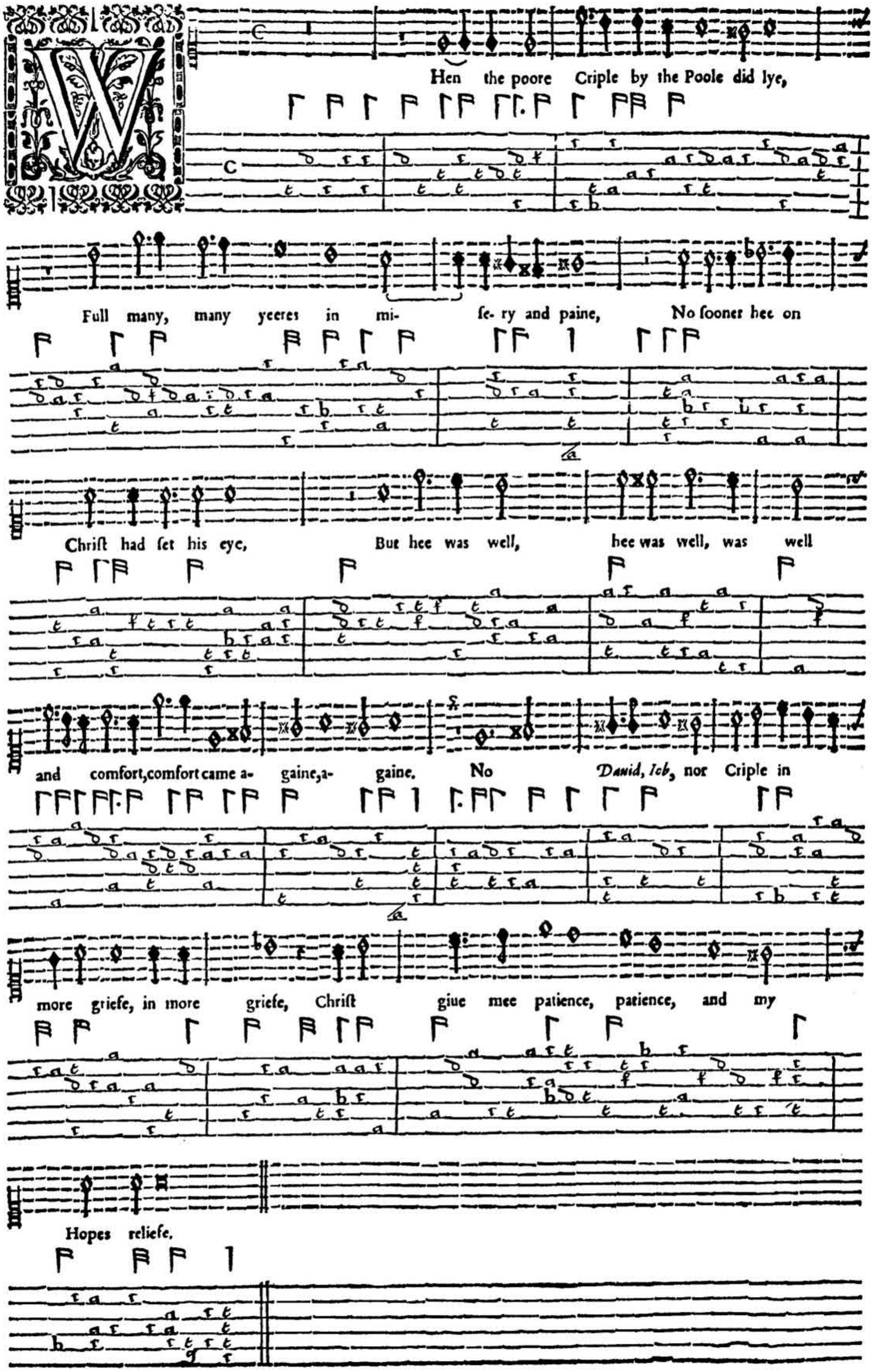

ALTVS.
XIII.
I F that a sin-ners sighes be Angels food, sighes be Angels food, a sinners sighes be Angels food, sighes be Angels food, Or that re-
pentant teares, repentant teares be An- gels wine, be Angels wine, Accept O Lord, O Lord in this most pensiue, pensiue moode,
These hear- ty sighes, and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Peter forth, ij. most sinful- ly: But not
as Peter did, not as Peter did, Peter did, weep, did, weepe, weepe, weepe, weepe bit- ter- ly. That went, &c.
BASSVS. XIII.
I F that a sin- ners sighes be
Angels food, sighes be Angels food, Or that repentant teares be
Angels wine, Accept O Lord O Lord, Accept O
Lord, in this most pensiue moode, These hearty sighes
and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Peter,
with Peter forth most sinfully: But not as Peter,
Pe- ter did, weepe, did weepe, did weepe, weepe,
bit- ter- ly. That went, &c.
TENOR. XIII.
I F that a sinners sighes. a sinners sighes be Angels foode, sighes be Angels foode, Or that repentant teares, re-
pentant teares be Angels, Angels wine, Accept O Lord, accept O Lord in this most pensiue moode, this most,
most pensiue moode, These hearty sighes, and dolefull, dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Pe- ter forth,
with Pe- ter forth most sinfully, sinfully : But not as Pe- ter, not as Peter did, Peter did, weepe,
Peter did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weepe bitter- ly. That went, &c.

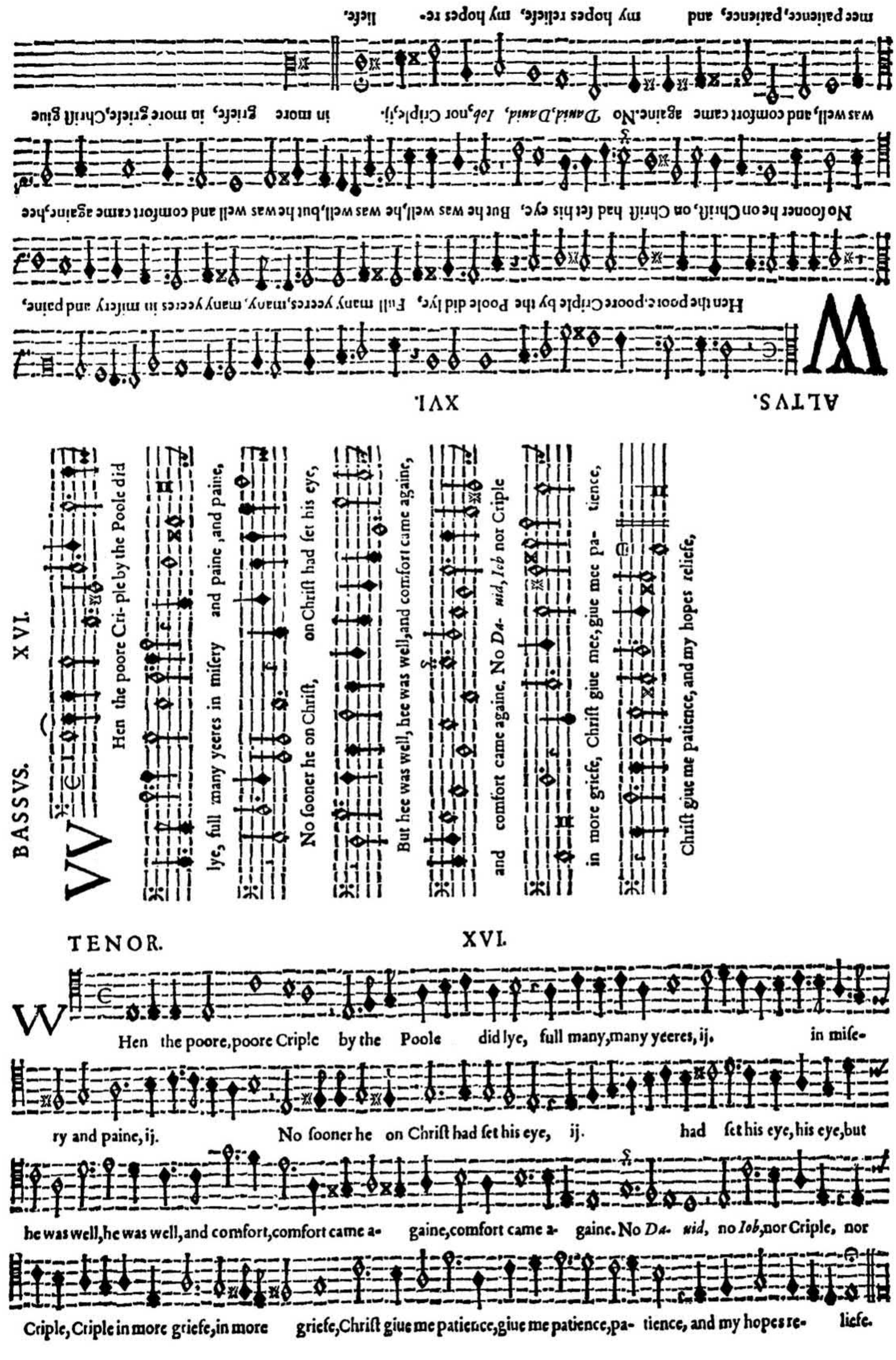

T
Hou mightie God, that righteſt euery wrong,
Liſten to patience, Liſten to patience, Liſten to patience,
patience in a dying, a dying, ij. ſong. When *Iob* had loſt his Children, Lands, and goods,
Patience, patience aſ- ſwa- ged his exceſſiue paine,
And when his ſorrowes, his ſor- rowes, ſor- rowes came as faſt as floods, as floods,
hope kept his hart, his heart, his heart, till com- fort came againe, till comfort came a- gaine, came a- gaine.

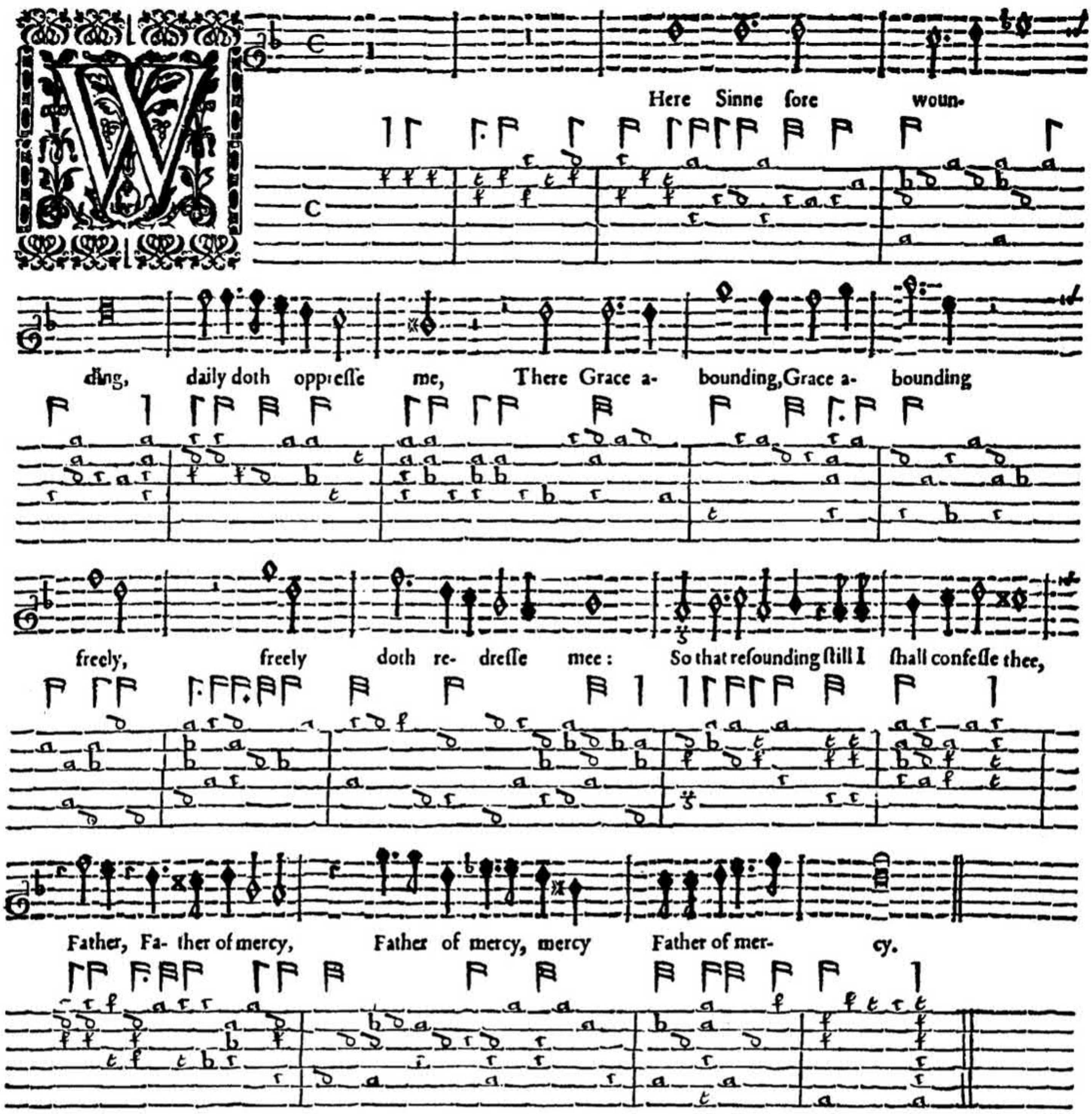

ALTVS.
XIIII.
Hou mighty, mighty God, that rightest euery wrong, Listen to patience, listen to
patience, to patience in a dying, dying song. When Iob had lost, had lost his Children, Lands, and goods, Patience as-
swaged, asswaged, patience asswa- ged his excessiue paine, excessiue paine: And when his sorrowes, his sor- rowes
came, and when his sorrowes, his sorrowes came as fast, as fast as flouds, Hope kept his hart, till comfort came againe,
till comfort came againe, comfort came againe, againe. And when, &c.
BASSUS.
XIIII.
Hou mighty God that rightest
euery wrong, euery wrong, Listen to patience, to
patience, li- sten to patience in a dying,
dying Song, When Iob had lost his Children,
Lands, and goods, Patience, pati- ence asswa-
ged, patience asswaged his exces- siue paine:
And when his sorrowes came, sorrowes came as
fast as flouds, Hope kept his heart, ij. till
comfort came againe, And when, &c.
TENOR.
XIIII.
Hou mightie God that rightest euery wrong, eue- ry wrong, Li- sten to patience, to patience,
Listen to patience, ij. Listen, listen to pa- tience, patience, in a dying, dying Song. When Iob had
lost his Children, his Children, Lands, Lands and goods, Pa- tience asswaged, ij. asswaged his
excessiue pain, pain, excessiue paine, And when his sorrowes came, and when his sorrowes, his sorrowes came as fast, as fast as flouds,
Hope kept his hart, his hart, til comfort came againe, till comfort, comfort came again. And when his sorrows came as fast as flouds,


W
Hen *Dauids* life by *Saul* was often sought, *Da- uids* life by *Saul*, by
Saul was of-ten sought, And worlds of woes, worlds of
woes, of woes did compasse, compasse him a- bout, about, On dire reuenge he neuer,
neuer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, but in his griefes, his
griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help him, help him out.


ALTVS. XV.
Hen Dauids life, Da- uids life by Saul, by Saul was often fought, Dauids life by Saul was often
fought, And worlds of woes did compasse him, ij, compasse him about, On dire re-
uenge, hee neuer, ne-uer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, his griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help, did
help him out, but in his griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out. On dire, &c.
BASSVS. XV.
VV Hen Dauids life, Da- uids life by
Saul was often fought, And worlds of woes, worlds of woes
did compasse him about, On dire reuenge heneuer had a
thought, But in his griefes, ij.
his griefes, Hope still did help, help him out. On dire, &c.
TENOR. XV.
W Hen Dauids life by Saul, Dauids life by Saul was often fought, was often fought, Dauids life by Saul was
often fought, often fought, And worlds of woes, of woes, did compasse him about, did compasse him about,
On dire reuenge, ij. hee neuer had a thought, had a thought, he neuer had a thought, But in his griefes,
in his griefes, but in his griefes, his griefes, but in his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help, did
help, help him out. On dire, &c.

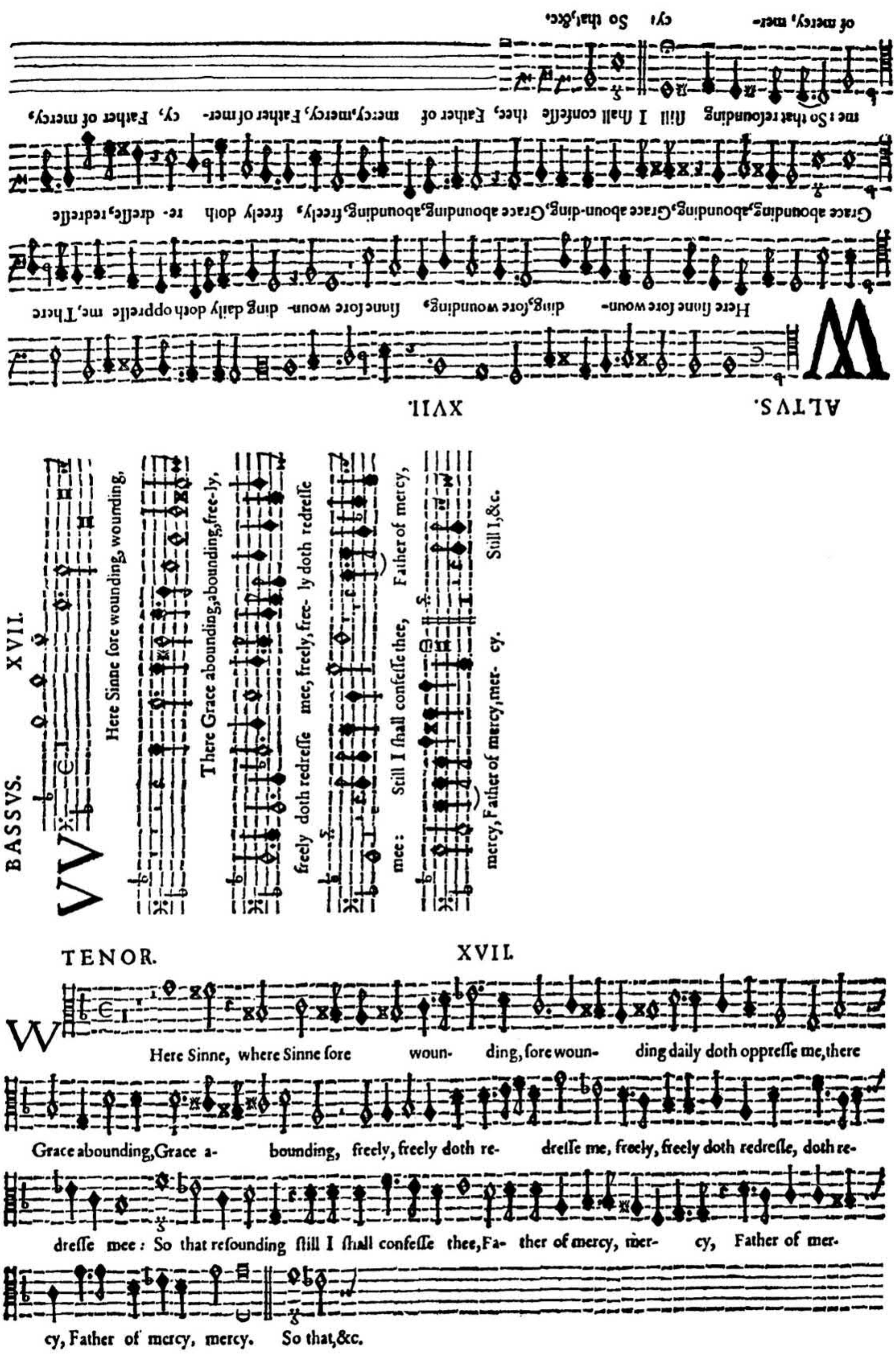

WHen the poore Criple by the Poole did lye,
Full many, many yeeres in mi- se- ry and paine, No sooner hee on
Christ had set his eye, But hee was well, hee was well, was well
and comfort, comfort came a- gaine, a- gaine. No David, Iob, nor Criple in
more griefe, in more griefe, Christ giue mee patience, patience, and my
Hopes reliefe.

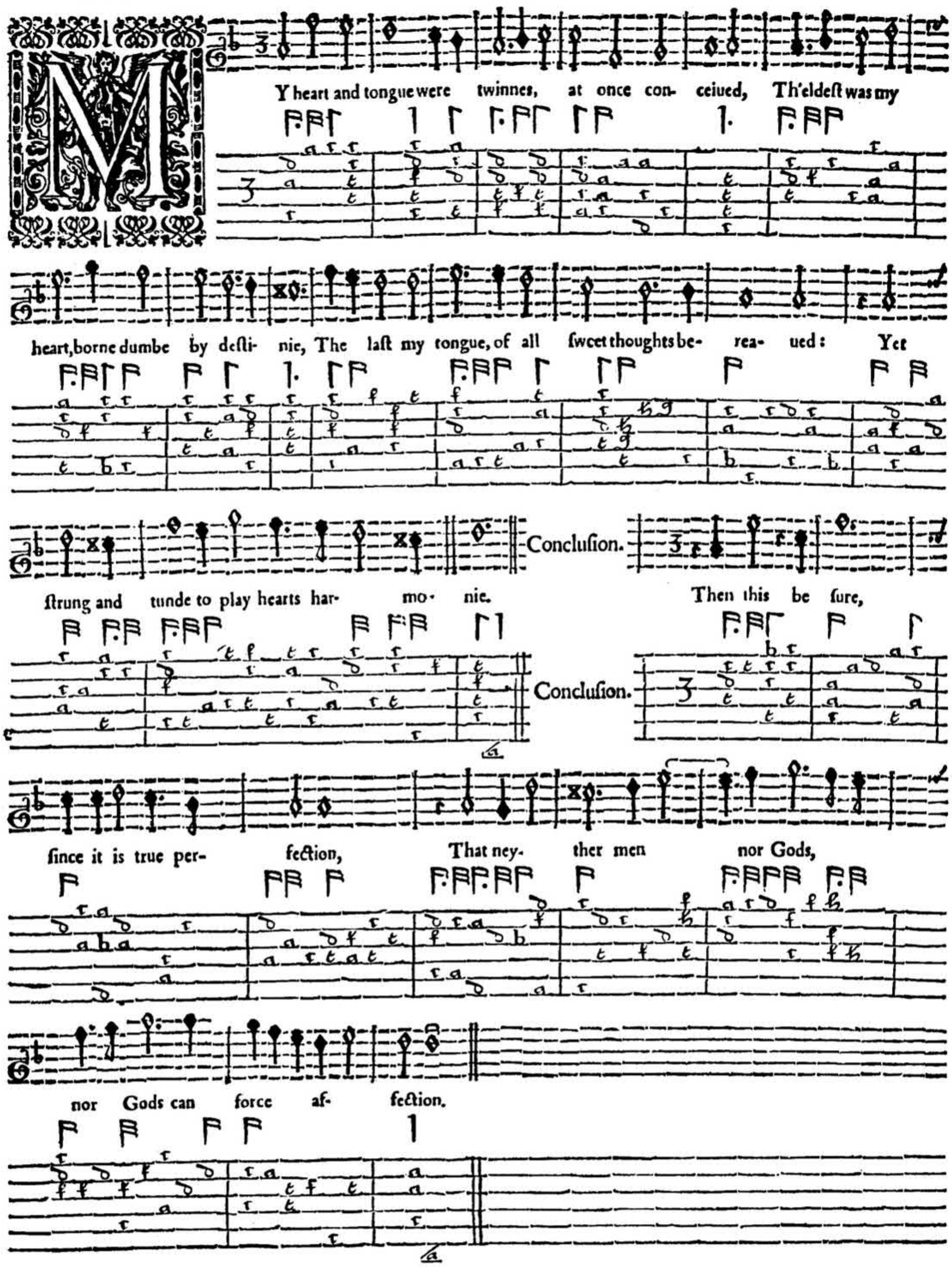

ALTVS.
XVI.
WHen the poore, poore Criple by the Poole did lye, Full many yeeres, many, many yeeres in misery and paine,
No sooner he on Christ, on Christ had set his eye, But he was well, he was well, but he was well and comfort came againe, hee
was well, and comfort came againe. No David, David, Iob, nor Criple, ij. in more griefe, in more griefe, Christ giue
mee patience, patience, and my hopes reliefe, my hopes reliefe, my hopes re- liefe.
BASSVS.
XVI.
WHen the poore Cri- ple by the Poole did lye, full many yeeres in misery and paine, and paine,
No sooner he on Christ, on Christ had set his eye,
But hee was well, hee was well, and comfort came againe, and comfort came againe. No Da- uid, Iob nor Criple
in more griefe, Christ giue mee, giue mee pa- tience,
Christ giue me patience, and my hopes reliefe,
TENOR.
XVI.
WHen the poore, poore Criple by the Poole did lye, full many, many yeeres, ij. in mise-
ry and paine, ij. No sooner he on Christ had set his eye, ij. had set his eye, his eye, but
he was well, he was well, and comfort, comfort came a- gaine, comfort came a- gaine. No Da- uid, no Iob, nor Criple, nor
Criple, Criple in more griefe, in more griefe, Christ giue me patience, giue me patience, pa- tience, and my hopes re- liefe.



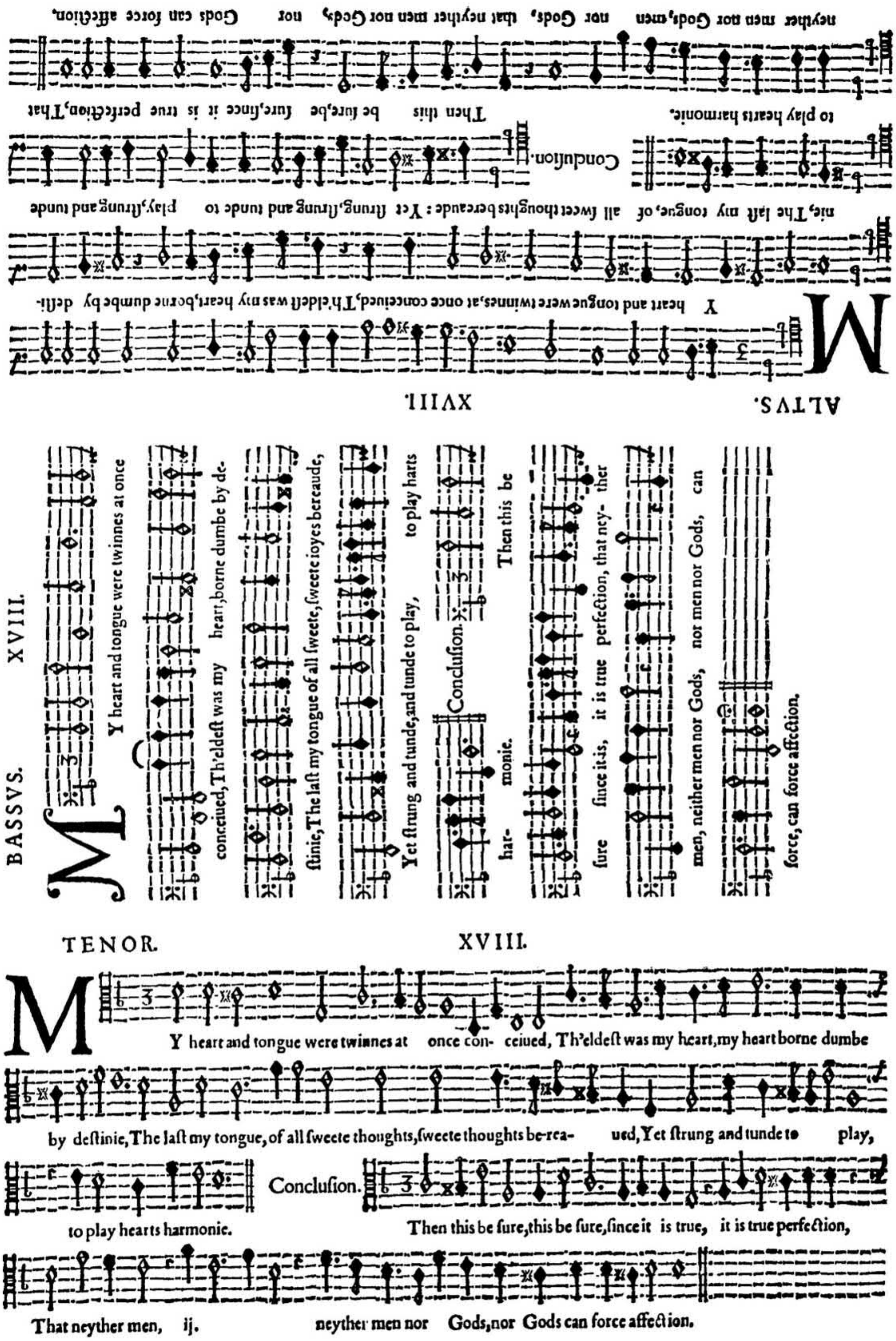
Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
Yet Grace amending, ſince I doe repent mee,
At my liues ending will I hope preſent mee
cleare to thy mercy.

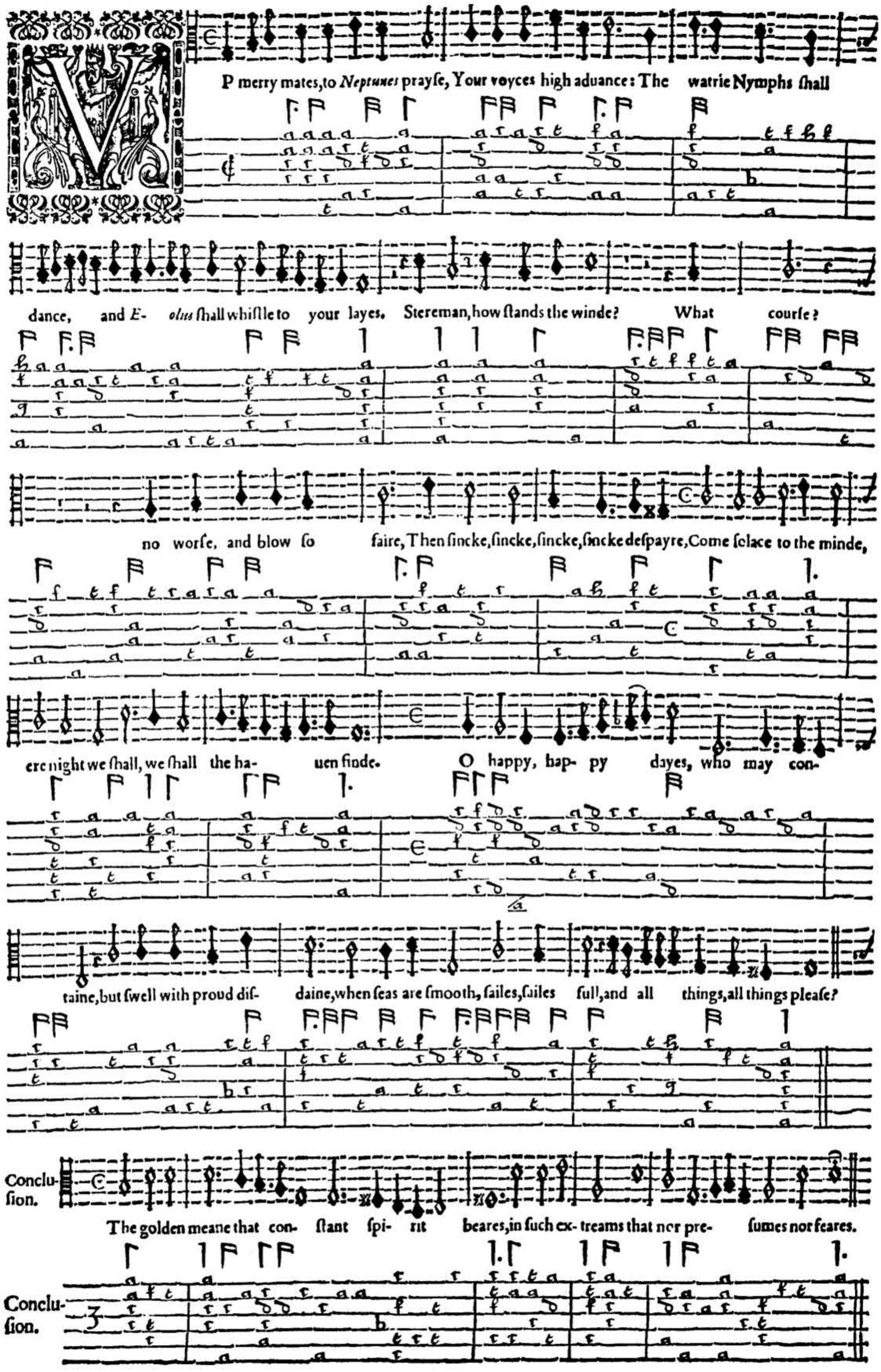
The wound Sinne gaue me was of Death aſſured,
Did not Grace ſaue mee, whereby it is cured:
So thou wilt haue mee to thy loue inured,
free without merit.
Sinnes ſtripe is healed, and his ſting abated,
Deaths mouth is ſealed, and the Graue amated,
Thy Loue reuealed, and thy Grace related
giues me this ſpirit.


ALTVS. XVII.
Here sinne sore woun- ding, sore wounding, sinne sore woun- ding daily doth oppresse me, There
Grace abounding, abounding, Grace aboun-ding, Grace abounding, abounding, freely, freely doth re- dresse, redresse
me: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, Father of mer- cy, Father of mercy,
of mercy, mer- cy: So that,&c.
BASSVS. XVII.
Here Sinne sore wounding, wounding,
There Grace abounding, abounding, free-ly,
freely doth redresse mee, freely, free- ly doth redresse
mee: Still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy,
mercy, Father of mercy, mer- cy. Still I,&c.
TENOR. XVII.
Here Sinne, where Sinne sore woun- ding, sore woun- ding daily doth oppresse me, there
Grace abounding, Grace a- bounding, freely, freely doth re- dresse me, freely, freely doth redresse, doth re-
dresse mee: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee, Fa- ther of mercy, mer- cy, Father of mer-
cy, Father of mercy, mercy. So that,&c.

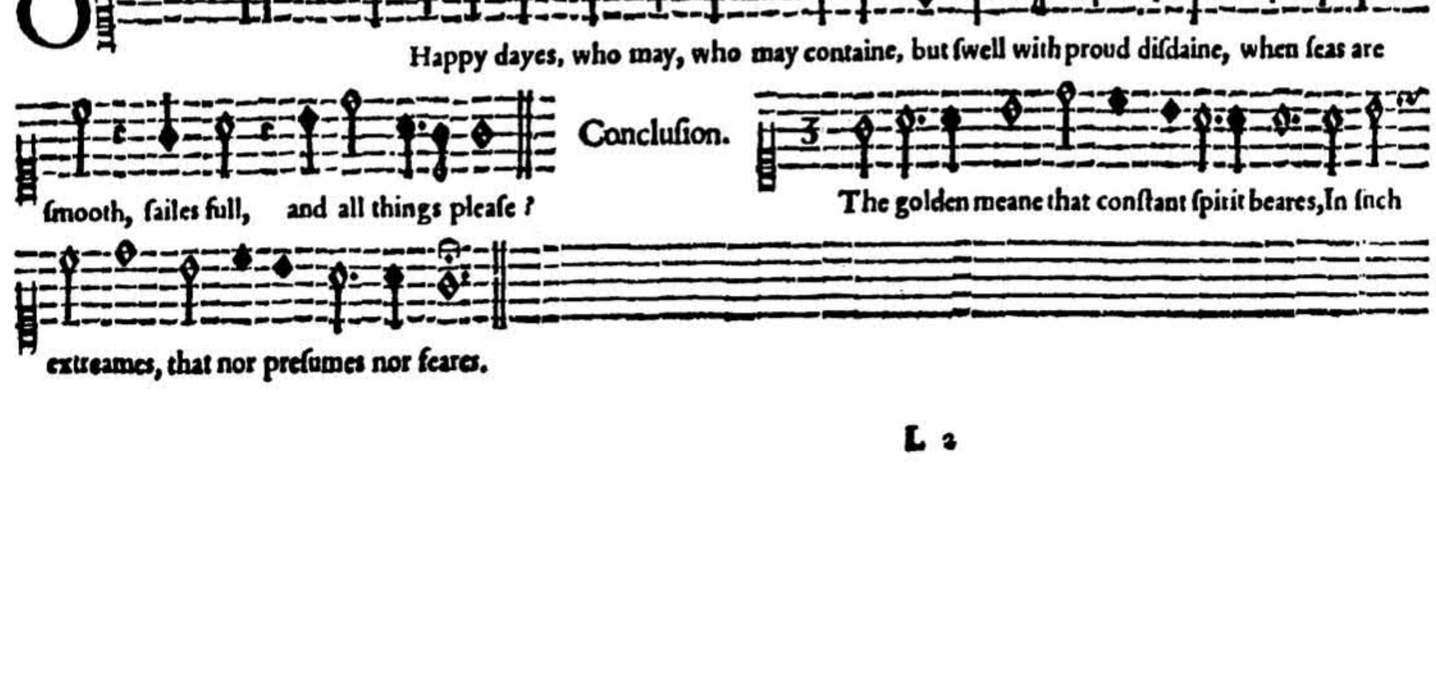


Both knit in one, and yet a ſunder placed:
what heart would ſpeake the tongue doth ſtill diſcouer.
What tongue doth ſpeake is of the heart embraced,
and both are one to make a new found Louer.
New found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
whoſe wordes are deedes, but wordes, nor deedes regarded.
Chaſte thoughts doe mount and flye with ſwifteſt wings,
my loue with paine, my paine with loſſe rewarded.

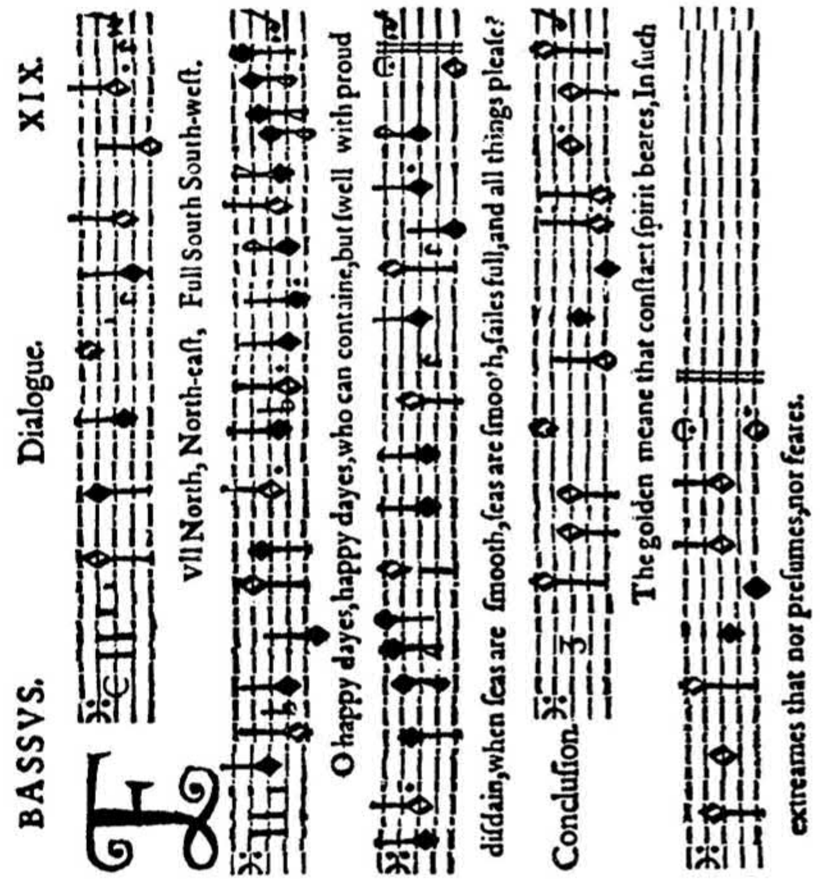

ALTVS.
XVIII.
MY heart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceiued, Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by desti-
nie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaude: Yet strung, strung and tunde to play, strung and tunde
to play hearts harmonie.
Conclusion.
Then this be sure, be sure, since it is true perfection, That
neyther men nor Gods, men nor Gods, that neyther men nor Gods, nor Gods can force affection.
BASSVS.
XVIII.
MY heart and tongue were twinnes at once
conceiued, Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by de-
stinie, The last my tongue of all sweete, sweete ioyes bereaude,
Yet strung and tunde, and tunde to play, to play harts
har- monie.
Conclusion.
Then this be
sure since it is, it is true perfection, that ney- ther
men, neither men nor Gods, nor men nor Gods, can
force, can force affection.
TENOR.
XVIII.
MY heart and tongue were twinnes at once con- ceiued, Th'eldest was my heart, my heart borne dumbe
by destinie, The last my tongue, of all sweete thoughts, sweete thoughts be-rea- ued, Yet strung and tunde to play,
to play hearts harmonie.
Conclusion.
Then this be sure, this be sure, since it is true, it is true perfection,
That neyther men, ij. neyther men nor Gods, nor Gods can force affection.


V
P merry mates,to *Neptunes* prayſe, Your voyces high aduance: The watrie Nymphs ſhall
dance, and E- olus ſhall whiſtle to your layes. Stereman,how ſtands the winde? What courſe?
no worſe, and blow ſo faire, Then ſincke,ſincke,ſincke,ſincke deſpayre,Come ſolace to the minde,
ere night we ſhall, we ſhall the ha- uen finde. O happy, hap- py dayes, who may con-
taine,but ſwell with proud diſ- daine,when ſeas are ſmooth, ſailes,ſailes full,and all things,all things pleaſe?
Conclu- ſion.
The golden meane that con- ſtant ſpi- rit beares,in ſuch ex- treams that ner pre- ſumes nor feares.
Conclu- ſion.

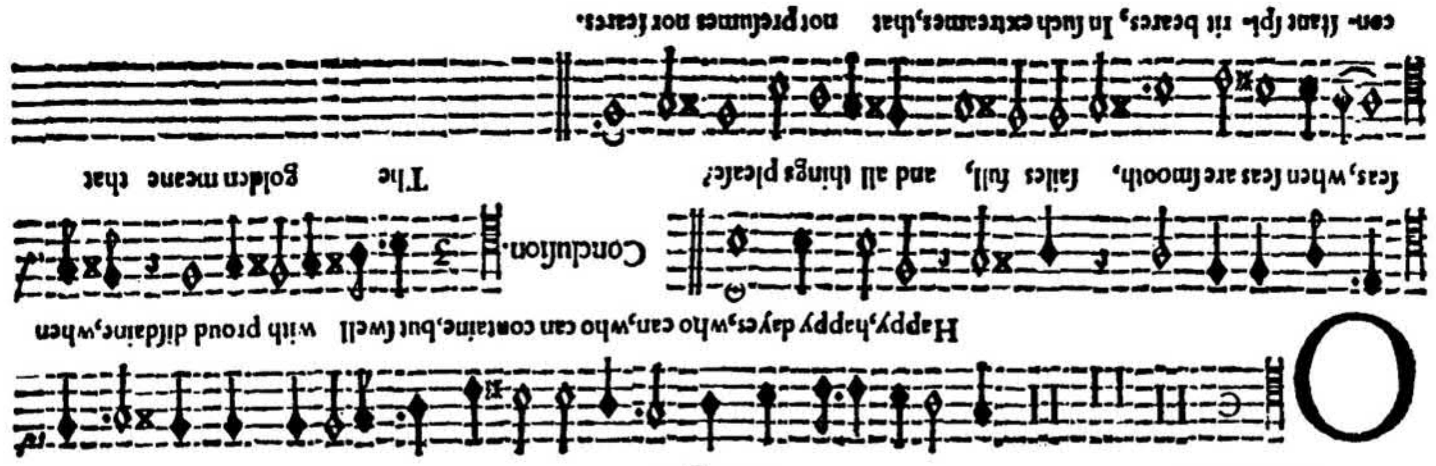
CANTVS. XIX.



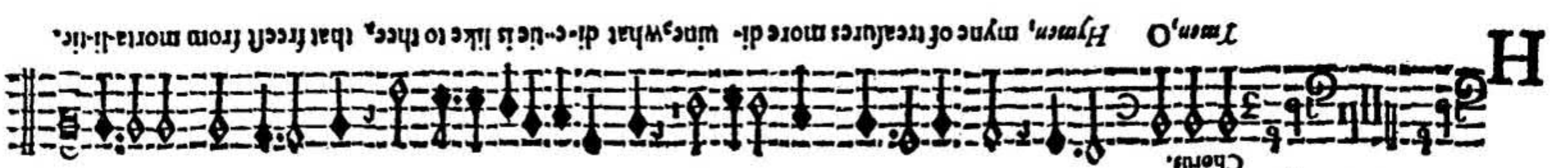
BASSVS. Dialogue. XIX.



ALTVS. Dialogue. XIX.

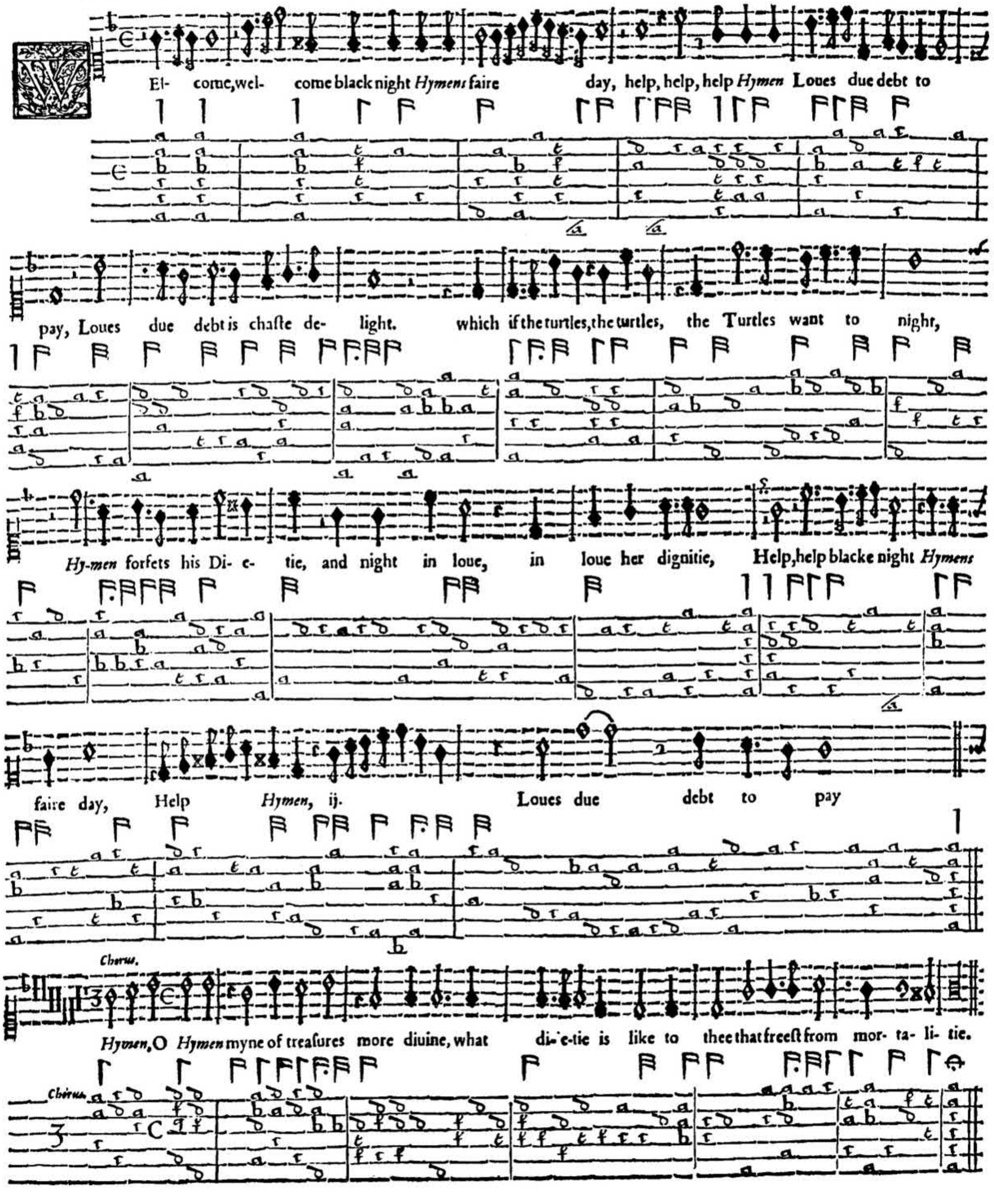


Stay merry mates, proud *Neptune* lowres,
Your voyces all deplore you,
The Nymphes stand weeping o're you:
And *Eolus* and *Iris* bandy showres.
Mr. Boates man hale in the Boate.
S. Harke, harke the ratlings,
M. Tis haile.
S. Make fast the tacklings.
M. Strike saile.
Make quicke dispatches,
Shut close the hatches.
Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,
This night we shall at randome floate.
O dismall houres,
Who can forbeare,
But sinke with sad despaire.
When seas are rough, sailes rent, and each thing lowres.

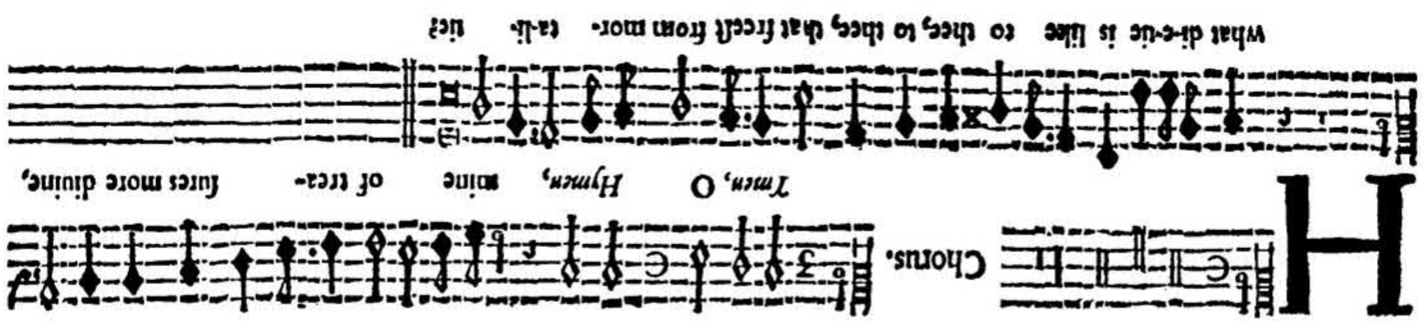


CANTVS primus. XX.

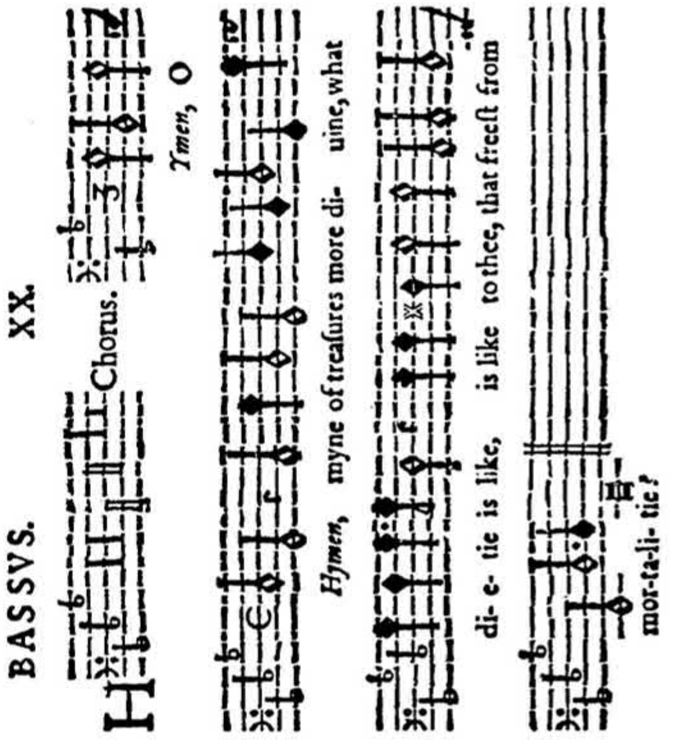
CANTVS secundus. XX.



QVINTVS. XX.

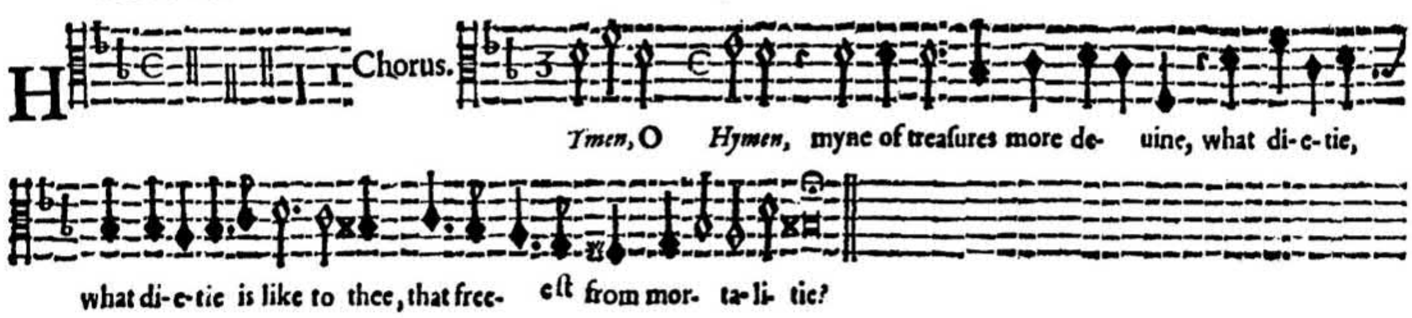


BASSVS. XX.

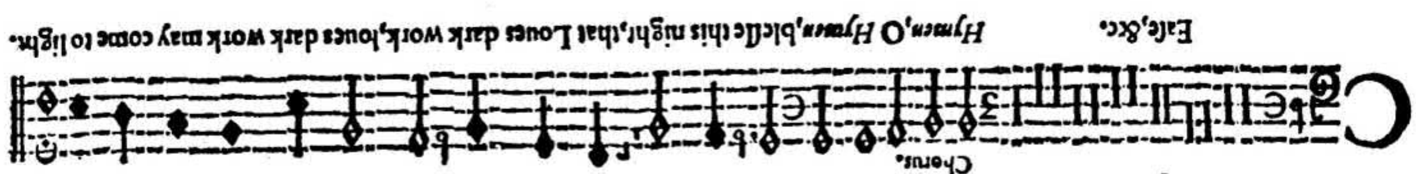


Stay (happy paire) stay but a while,
Hymen comes not, loue to beguile,
These sports are alluring baites,
And sawce are to Loues sweetest Cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Loues attained blisse.
Then stay (most happie) stay a while,
Hymen comes not, Loue to beguile.

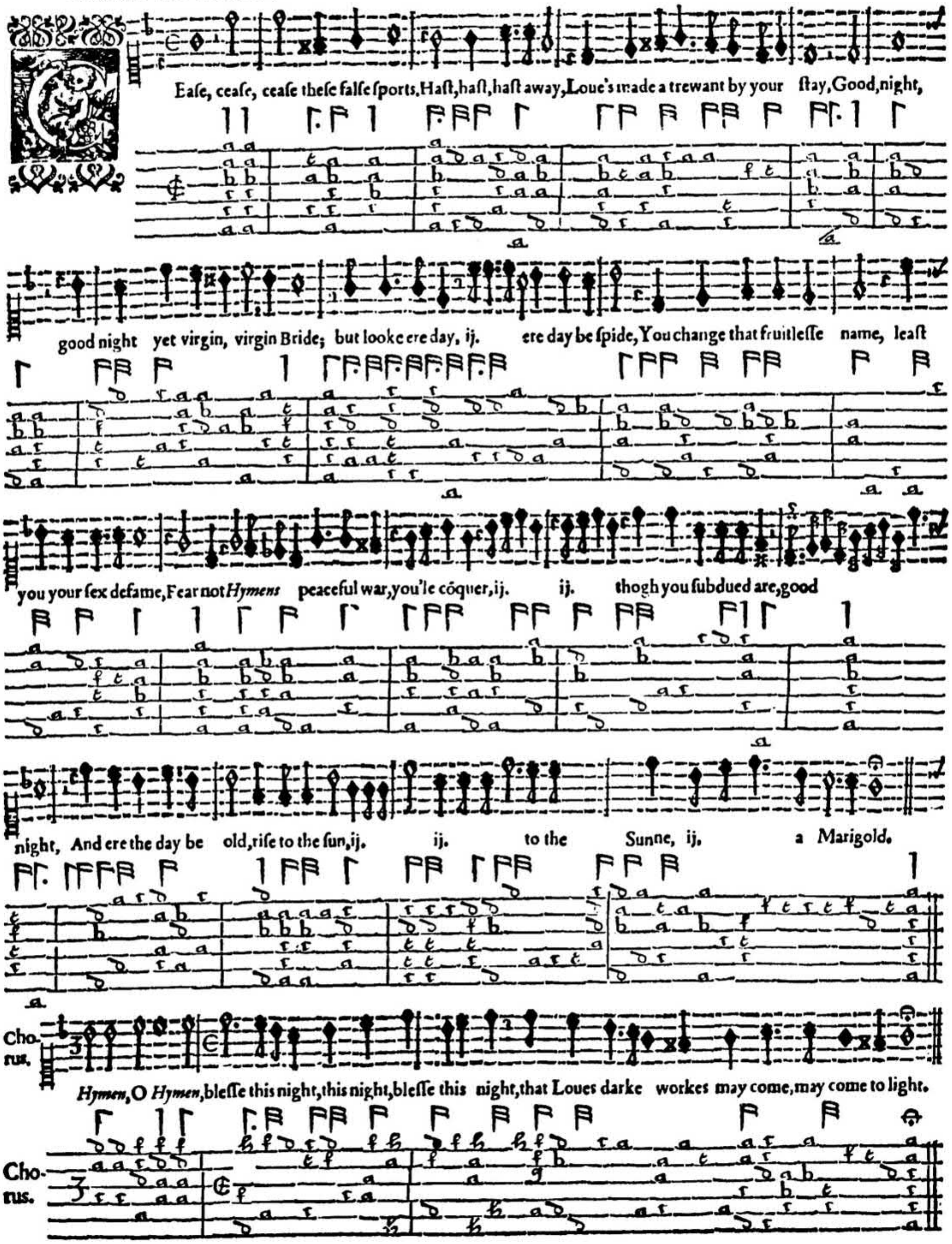
TENOR. XX.



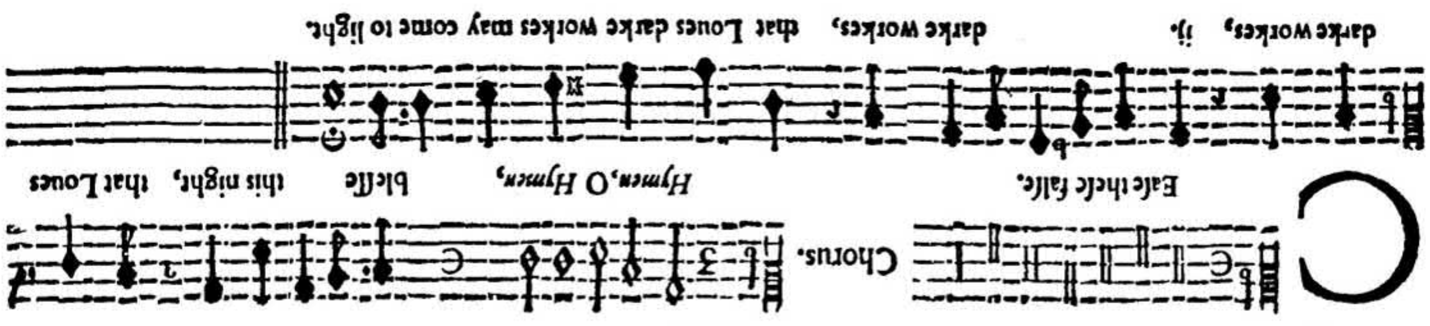
CANTUS primus. XXI.



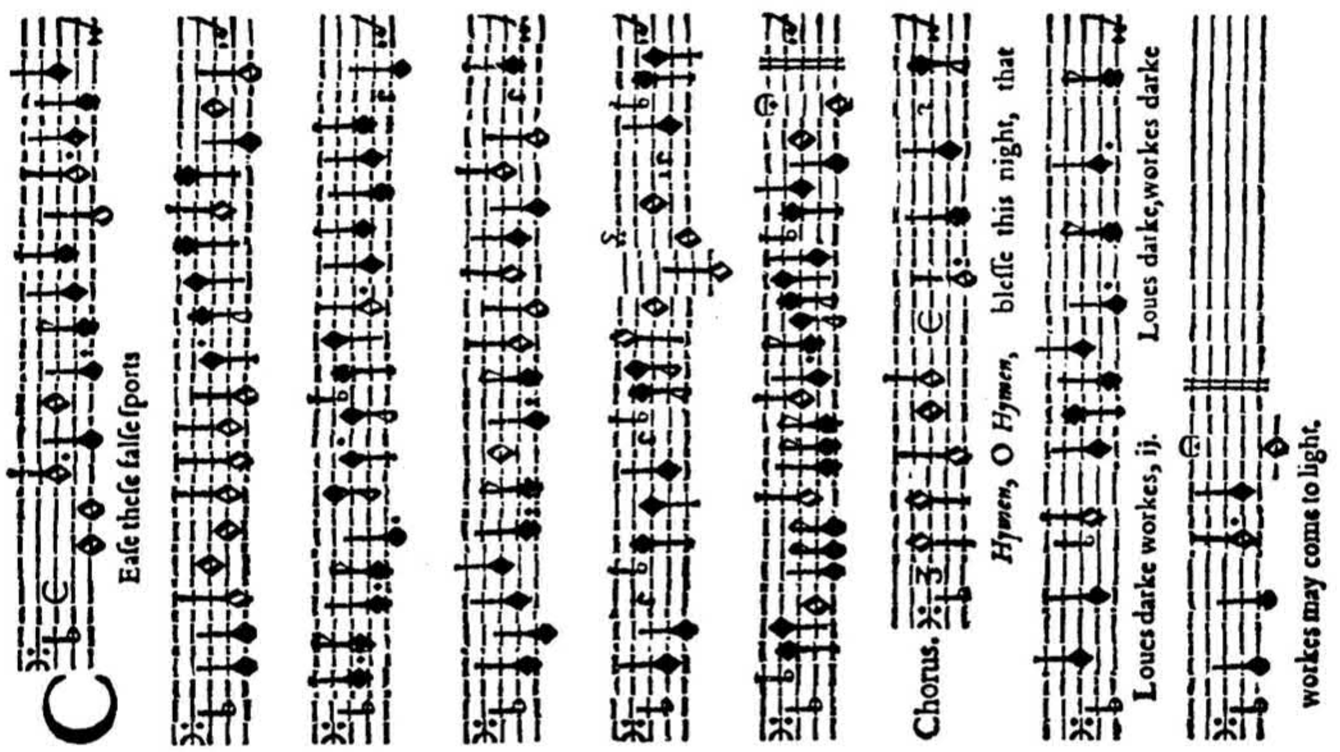
CANTUS secundus. XXI.



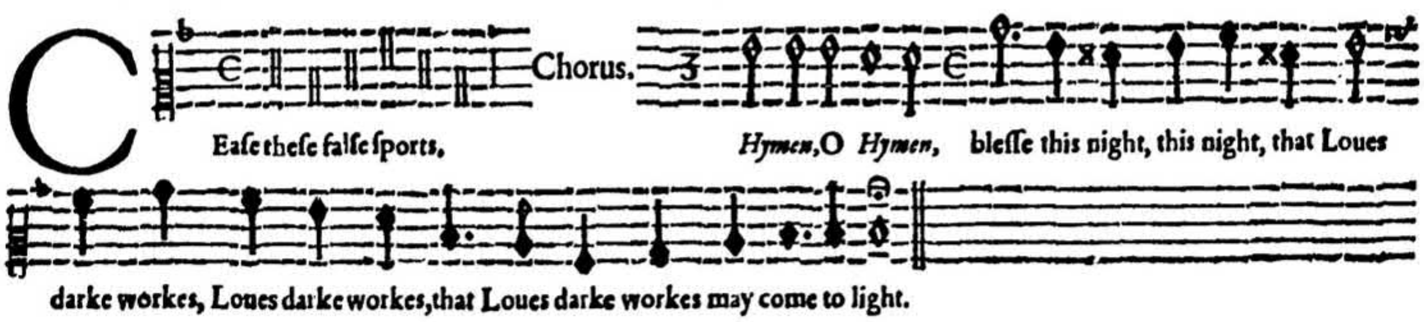
QVINTVS. XXI.



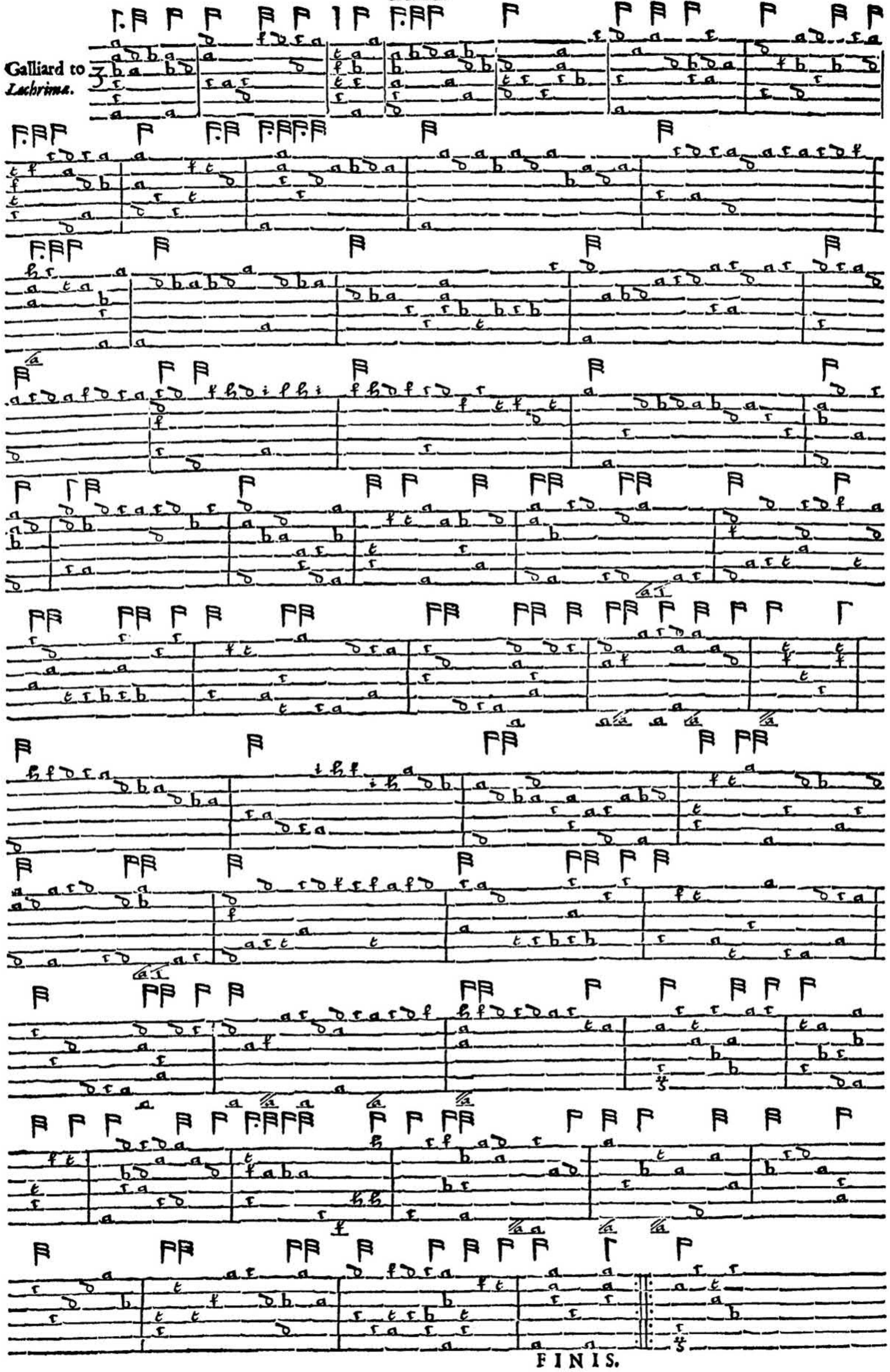
BASSVS. XXI.



TENOR. XXI.



XXII.



FINIS.